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The Way of Mediation

THE British are trying to localise the Korean war. Press reports that Sir David Kelly at his first Moscow interview was snubbed by Mr. Gromyko were completely without foundation and the fact that the conversations were continued this week is a hopeful sign. Since Sir David's initiative has been taken after consultation with Washington, we can at least conclude that neither Stalin nor President Truman has ruled out the possibility of a negotiated settlement. But there is no time to lose; the longer the fighting goes on in Korea, the more face there is to save and the more difficult to limit the war.

One condition of any settlement is very clear: the war must not spread to Formosa. It is no secret that Mr. Attlee sought to persuade Mr. Truman to confine his intervention to Korea or at least not to confuse the issue by announcing the protection of Formosa in the communique which proclaimed sanctions against North Korea. The reasons for this unsuccessful British effort are obvious. Legally speaking, MacArthur is conducting in Korea a police action on behalf of the United Nations; the "protection" of Formosa is an exclusively American intervention in the Chinese civil war. It has no backing from the Security Council and it is in conflict with British policy, which recognises the Peking Government as the *de facto* Government of China and entitled, therefore, to suppress the Nationalist rebels on their last island refuge. Accordingly, it was only to be expected that, in reply to a Question last Monday, Mr. Ernest Davies, speaking for the Foreign Office, clearly stated that Britain was offering no assistance in the "protection" of Formosa.

The situation, however, remains confused. Apparently the 7th American Fleet—to which our China Squadron is attached, and which is under the command of General MacArthur—is acting in two quite different capacities. In Korean waters it flies the United Nations flag: off Formosa, only the Stars and Stripes. This confusion greatly increases the danger of a drift towards general war. If the Chinese Communists and the Americans were to clash, not merely would Hong Kong become untenable but French Indo-China, Burma, Siam and Malaya would soon be engulfed in the conflict. This is the prospect which fills Mr. Nehru with alarm and which Sir David Kelly's initiative in Moscow seeks to avert.

So far, apart from the expected denunciation of American intervention in Korea, Mao Tse-tung has shown no sign of moving against Formosa; and by ordering the Nationalists to stop the blockade of the Yangste and turning down Chiang Kai-shek's offer to supply troops for Korea, Mr. Acheson has shown a similar restraint. But the well-meaning caution of the statesmen may only too easily be cancelled out by the brashness of the General on the spot. The violence of General MacArthur's political views, his egocentric ambitions and his contempt for the directives of Washington are all notorious. His friends boast of them as loudly as his enemies complain. His replacement by a Commander more attuned to United Nations' responsibilities would be a prudent step.

Meanwhile, every effort should be made to find a basis for resumed negotiations. Unless the Kremlin is ready to risk a world war—and of this there is still no evidence—it cannot desire to commit the U.S.A. to the full-scale mobilisation of a land army. On the other hand, the Americans, shocked by the disclosure of their military weakness—half their effective divisions are committed in Japan and Korea—and realising that prototypes of new weapons of mass destruction are no substitute for a real army, must desire to localise the Korean war. With both Great Powers recoiling from world conflict, there is at least a chance for the mediator.

It should be remembered that in the evening of June 27, when the Security Council recommended that Uno should endorse the military assistance already extended by the United States to the South Koreans, the Council's resolution ignored the report from the U.N. Commission in Korea, received earlier that afternoon, which proposed that the Council should invite both parties to agree to a neutral mediator. It is increasingly urgent to return to this conception of a settlement. The natural lines for a settlement are a cease-fire, agreement by the Northern army to withdraw to the 38th Parallel, with all-Korea elections to follow and an American acceptance of the Chinese Communists on the Security Council. In that case, the U.S.S.R. would presumably return to Uno and, in a restored Security Council, the whole Korean question could be discussed in the framework of a general Far Eastern settlement—thus avoiding delicate problems of "face-saving" in Korea. Thanks to her recognition of Mao Tse-tung, Britain is uniquely placed to initiate such a move.

Technical Assistance

The most important item on the Agenda of the 11th Session of the Economic and Social Council, now meeting in Geneva, is the report of the Technical Assistance Conference. The 50 States which were represented in Lake Success at the beginning of June promised to make contributions amounting to $20 millions, of which the United States was to provide $12 millions. It now remains to be seen whether this sum—pitiably small, considering that it is intended for nearly two-thirds of the entire world population, living in areas which come under the heading of underdeveloped countries—can be distributed and administered in such a way as to make an appreciable difference within the next critical year.

We would draw attention to a useful P.E.P. document on South Asia just published. It points out that "any solution of the problem involves both quick action to deal with the immediate crisis, which is mainly a question of South-East Asia, and also a long-term plan to grapple with the basic problem of the whole area. It will take a great and sustained effort spread over many years to raise the standard of life in South Asia, but a comparatively small but determined effort now directed to the key points might reverse present trends. The first condition is that the lead must come from Asia." India is a case in point. It is in a position to help with the training of personnel for other countries of South Asia and might be made into a source of consumer goods for these lands.

The document then discusses the needs of agriculture throughout South Asia, and gives the useful reminder that the need in technical assistance is not so much in the direction of large, expensive long-distance plans, as "for simple labour-saving devices like the improved bullock-driven pumps now being produced by the Technical Services Association." Credits for the peasants, fertilisers and pesticides, river development schemes combined with interchange of technical workers in East and West—these are all practical suggestions which could help South Asia to carry out fundamental and long overdue changes "by democratic means in ways that do not sacrifice human lives and happiness to economic or political theories."

South-west Africa

It would be idle to pretend that the advisory decision handed down by the Hague Court is likely to have much practical effect on the problem of South-west Africa. The Court has ruled that the U.N. Charter does not impose any legal obligation on the Union to place the territory under trusteeship. Dr. Malan can argue that he is entitled, within the terms of the 1920 Mandate, to do much as he pleases in the administration of South-west Africa as "an integral portion" of the Union. He will also not fail to observe that the British judge formed one of the minority which held that the Union is not even under obligation to submit reports to Uno on its administration.

This means that the political responsibility for compelling the Union to respect the interests of the indigenous peoples of South-west Africa rests where it always has rested in practice—with the British Government. So far as the juridical issue is concerned, the point which needs to be emphasised is that the Hague Court has ruled that South-west Africa's international status, as a territory mandated by the League, can be changed only with the consent of the United Nations. Dr. Malan is legally debarred from outright annexation.

Inside America

The Korean campaign has naturally squeezed domestic issues off the front pages of the U.S. press: for once, President Truman has been one jump ahead of his critics, and his quick reaction to the crisis has undoubtedly bolstered his personal position. Only the isolationist group in the Senate—Wherry, Taft, Watkins and Jenner, for instance—sounded a note of alarm lest aid to Korea should turn into "a provocation to general war," and this group was in an embarrassing position because it has loudly denounced the Administration in the past for its "weakness" in Asia. The line of the Republicans as a whole is to support the marriage of necessity between Mr. Truman and General MacArthur—the latter long the idol of the China lobby—but to use the Korean "surprise" as a stick to belabour Dean Acheson and the Defence Secretary for temporising and for false military economies.

Clearly, the Korean war will affect the November elections, but it is too soon to say whether the Administration or the Republicans will profit by it. A war scare may help the Democrats, besides weakening Republican charges that they are "soft" towards Communism. It should be sufficient, moreover, to maintain business at a high level, by stepping up both Government spending and consumer stockpiling against possible emergency shortages. In the primary elections, which have been going on for many weeks, the Republicans have done well. In California, for example, the present signs are that Representative Nixon will beat Representative Helen Douglas in the Senate contest, which will be fought on straight Republican-Fair Deal lines. In the Democratic primary in North Carolina, moreover, Senator Graham, a distinguished liberal, was beaten by a company-lawyer Democrat not easily distinguishable from a Republican. Korea has overshadowed (for the time) the irresponsible Senator McCarthy. He has failed to prove any of his wild charges, and failed, moreover, to revive the *Amerasia* case as a smear on the Administration. There are bigger issues now in U.S. politics than stale rumours and sweeping generalisations.

Ruhr über Alles

Absence of a Government makes no difference to the official French attitude to the Schuman Plan. Paris is still pressing for a supra-national authority with a zest which shows that an understanding between French and German heavy industry is already far advanced. Others, meanwhile, begin to see snags. The Belgians are already blowing cold. Perhaps they have read between the lines of the German delegation's memorandum, which looks forward confidently to an end to Allied controls on German industry. Or perhaps they have had an ear to the rejoicing in Düsseldorf, where German industrialists clearly believe that the ball is now at their feet. Addressing a congress of higher mining officials lately, Dr. Kost, the chairman of the North German Coal Directorate, described the Schuman Plan as "a constructive contribution." He pointed out that "part of the Belgian and French coal industry was considerably more uneconomic than the German industry." In order to achieve "an economic optimum," Dr. Kost thought that "it was necessary that the profitably operating coal mines should be exploited, whilst for uneconomic enterprises other regulations must be introduced. Basic production costs should be the decisive factor. French and Belgian coal prices and production costs were higher than the German." The Germans were never noted for tact.

Drang Nach Osten

In shifting the centre of political responsibility further to the Right, the results of the *Land* elections in Schleswig Holstein do no more than follow the general trend in Western Germany. Although they are trying to form a new Government, the Social Democrats have lost their position of leadership; this passes to the "Bonn coalition" of the Christian Democrats, the so-called Free Democrats, and another and smaller fraction still further to the Right. The Communists, as lately in North-Rhine/Westphalia, lose most of their slender support.

But there is an additional element in Schleswig Holstein which is likely to prove of growing importance. This is the appearance in great strength in the *Land* Assembly of a political party formed specifically from and for refugees from Eastern Germany and the territories lost to Poland and the Soviet Union. The *Bund der Heimatvertriebenen und Entrechteten* (literally, Confederation of Those Driven from Home and Deprived of Their Rights) now has nearly a quarter of the seats in the Schleswig Assembly, and will almost certainly form a coalition together with the parties of the Bonn *bloc*. The *Bund's* success will surprise no one in Germany, and would have emerged before if the Military Governors had allowed the refugees to form political parties earlier. A similar political success for the refugees may be expected at elections later this year in Lower Saxony, where their concentration is also thick, though not so thick as in Schleswig Holstein.

These successes can only sharpen the ambitions of reviving German nationalism. They are the result of a failure on the part of the West German leaders—and a failure so conspicuous as to suggest some forethought—to break up these excessive concentrations of refugees (primarily in Schleswig Holstein, Lower Saxony, and Bavaria) and absorb them into the life of Western Germany. As it is, the vast bulk of the refugees from the East have remained in social isolation from the Germans of the West; they have their own newspapers, their own associations, their own hopes and fears, and now their own political parties. Bitter resentment at the loss of homes and livelihood in the East could no doubt not be avoided; deliberate isolation of the refugees has had the effect of turning this resentment into directly political channels. The consequences are unlikely to be peaceful.

PARLIAMENT: Strachey and Schuman

Wednesday

WHO cared what Mr. Strachey actually said at Colchester? To most Tories, the important fact was that Mr. Strachey said it.

Tories have strong feelings about Strachey. Whilst Bevan excites wrath as a proletarian upstart, Strachey is hated as a renegade Old Etonian and Anglo-Marxist. It was tolerable that he should incur unpopularity as Food Minister during lean years, but it is terrible that he should be War Minister when the situation demands a bi-partisan policy on defence. The vendetta reached some violence in the *Evening Standard's* treatment of the Fuchs case, Mr. Prescott's sneering questions about the Malay patrol, and the uproarious reception given by the Opposition to the news that Sir Leslie Plummer had been dismissed.

Nevertheless, Mr. Churchill had some difficulty in persuading his colleagues to substitute Strachey on Schuman for Education. In the light of previous experience, some were not keen to commit themselves further to the Schuman Plan, whilst others had in mind that personal attacks on a Minister tend to strengthen, not weaken, his position. However, the Leader insisted; and Mr. Butler appropriately absented himself from the debate.

Mr. Strachey had an explanation and he stuck to it: he had paid tribute to Schuman's excellent motives, had never said that the Plan was a "plot," and had issued only compressed notes for guidance. Whilst Sir David Maxwell Fyfe cast moderate doubts on this explanation with some wit, Mr. Churchill plunged into Strachey's speech and made his own a fiasco. Apparently surprised and upset by the loud Ministerial cheers which punctuated his long quotation from Strachey's notes, he completely failed to sustain the argument that the Prime Minister had been misled. Mr. Attlee, whilst admitting that he had reproved Mr. Strachey on certain points and shown him that the notes were liable to misinterpretation, counter-attacked on the subject of the supra-national authority—but Mr. Churchill was not disposed to enter this argument again. All he wanted to say was that Strachey was unfit for office. After that, the debate petered out.

Most Labour Members saw no cause for alarm in the Colchester speech. Many would not have worried if the Schuman Plan had been described as a capitalist plot, because the more the Tories sponsor Schuman, the less they like him. In any case, they favour Ministers making rousing party speeches without too much attention to diplomatic *politesse*, and they instinctively resist any Tory attempt to do Mr. Attlee's job for him. What was worrying, however, was the War Minister's apologetic attitude and the danger of blaming the press for misreporting. Members know that the press is peculiarly sensitive on this point, and the excuse, even if true, should be avoided, especially when "hand-outs" have been issued. Strachey's speech, it was agreed, was a bit out of line with Cabinet policy, but one of the minor results of the Foreign Secretary's prolonged absence is that there is nobody to whom Ministers can submit their week-end comments on foreign affairs.

Those who long for a political Budget in 1951, preceding a General Election, must take heed of the Chancellor's warning this week that the limit of taxability has not been reached. "In an emergency," said Sir Stafford, "some of the taxes reduced or removed since 1945 can be put back, and new forms of taxation can be devised." The future cost of defence cast its shadow over the debate.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

Embarras de Richesse

IF they look back in the columns of *Hansard* to the prophecies of unmitigated woe in which they indulged last autumn, the Opposition Front Bench may well feel embarrassed by the evidence of impressive betterment in our economic situation revealed by the end-June figures of the gold and dollar reserves. It is clear that we have gained much more than a precarious breathing-space from devaluation, and that we are not heading for the inflationary conditions which the Tories gleefully predicted. On the contrary, British production has continued to expand; supplies of consumers' goods have been substantially augmented without, as yet, any sensational price increases; and now the Chancellor is able to report that the gold and dollar surplus of the sterling area increased from $40 million in the March quarter to $180 million in the June quarter.

The cautious qualifications with which Sir Stafford Cripps hedged his statement suggest that the Opposition's embarrassment may, from one point of view, be shared by the Government. Congress did not vote E.R.P. allocations at the expense of the American taxpayer in order to raise the Bank of England's stock of dollars and gold above the 1946 level; and it might be easy for Congressmen to conclude from the latest British Treasury return that the British balance of payments position is now impregnable and needs no further reinforcement from any source. Such an impression would indeed be fallacious—at any rate on a long-term view. The United Kingdom's own visible adverse balance this year has so far been greater than it was in 1949; and the dollar value of our exports to North America has been slightly below the rate achieved before devaluation. What has happened is that, after the small recession which drove the sterling area to devalue, a renewed up-swing in American business, combined with strategic stock-piling, has led to purchases by the United States of sterling area raw materials—wool, rubber, and tin—on a scale sufficient to make the Dominions and the Colonies temporarily net earners of dollars—an achievement assisted by a sharp curtailment, for the time being, in their purchases of American goods.

To this extent it may be that we have been enjoying an Indian Summer; at least it would be rash to assume that all the favourable circumstances which have contributed to the recovery in the sterling area's balance of payments will continue indefinitely. In the present state of international relations American buying of raw materials from overseas will presumably tend to increase rather than fall; but a *détente* in the Far East might be followed by an American slump, particularly if the present crisis were to have inflationary repercussions on the American economy. Moreover, the willingness of the Commonwealth members of the sterling area to forgo American goods is clearly conditional on their ability to obtain alternatives from this country; and, encouraging though the continued expansion of British production may be, it will take us all our time to step up exports to the required level—particularly since we are now committed under the European Payments Union scheme to paying for an expected increase in imports from the Continent.

In short, the size of our achievement is this: we have shown that by hard work and an austere limitation of consumption we can balance our accounts, with a little over, so long as business in the United States is booming. At present, in fact, we could well afford to dispense with Marshall Aid and need not plead that, because of our economic dependence on American charity, we must follow Washington subserviently in our foreign policy. What we have not yet proved is that the sterling area—let alone Britain—can make ends meet in its trade with the rest of the world in the event of an American slump impinging on us while East-West trade in Europe still languishes. Our present need is to build up reserves as strong as possible against such an eventuality.

Policy and Sentiment

JULY, with thunderstorms all over France—thunderstorms of unequalled frequency and violence. In the Sarthe, hailstorms caused fearful damage to the crops. There are not many superstitious people in France, but still I have seen old peasant women scared, and wondering what it all meant. In June, 1940, one of them said, there were thunderstorms like this, but never since. In the Oise, according to the papers, there were hailstones the like of which no one had ever seen before—hailstones the size of a hen's egg, and when two farmers melted down some of them, they found that each one had a small metal centre, the size of a grape-stone. Hailstones with metal centres—what next! Already somebody has suggested that if you sprinkle the stratosphere with metal pips, they turn into giant hailstones. What's a mere Colorado beetle beside that?

I wouldn't talk about the weather if it were not, somehow, slightly symbolic of the present mood of foreboding that exists in France. Oh, not everybody is worrying. Out they go by the thousand every Sunday for their boating and fishing and picnicking on the Marne and the Seine, the little riverside inns are doing a roaring trade, and one might be back in the days of Manet, Monet, and Renoir. Everything looks so beautifully normal and holiday-like, in a fortnight the Paris exodus will start, by car and train, to Normandy, and the Haute Savoie, and Nice and Saint-Tropèz. And yet, even at the back of the most carefree mind there is Korea, a Third World War, Atom Bomb, H-Bomb, and the rest of it. You can see it from the feverish way they buy up the evening papers. Of course, you will hear people say—*on s'en fout, c'est loin la Corée*, and *qu 'ils se débrouillent*. Or else, as examples of a more "active" attitude—*les Russes nous emmerdent* or, more often still, *les*

Américains nous emmerdent. All of which is typical, not of French policy, but of French popular sentiment.

For between the two there is something of a gulf. Of course, M. Jean Chauvel, the French delegate at Uno, declared, in his official capacity, the other day:

> I wish to repeat how much my Government and the French people appreciate the political wisdom and the decision shown by the U.S. Government, as well as the speed with which it intervened in Korea. The people of Europe and of the whole world could not have received greater comfort to-day.

If one were to scratch a little below the surface, one would see that it is not quite as simple as all that. The truth is that America to-day takes the lead, and that Britain and France follow. Britain follows gloomily but deliberately; France simply follows, not because she likes it, but just because there seems to be no other course. An alternative policy, totally unacceptable to the majority, is proposed by the Communists. But since their's is the voice of Moscow, no responsible Government can listen to them. And there is no middle course that any French Government of to-day would think practical. Truman decides on a police operation in Korea, and France agrees. Truman decides to strengthen the French forces in Indo-China, and France agrees. Truman takes over Formosa, and France agrees. Truman is opposed to the admission of Communist China to the Security Council, and who is France to object? So far so good. Yes, there was a clear case of aggression by Northern Korea against Southern Korea, the authority of Uno had to be upheld; even those who fumed against sanctions when these were to be applied to Mussolini are passionate upholders of collective security to-day. I mean the politicians. The man in the street—*il s'en fout*. Or rather, he thinks to himself—well, let them, so long as it doesn't spread. But that's the rub. Will it spread?

At first Mr. Truman said it was merely a "police operation," and Washington strategists talked about a week-end war. Now it is already developing into a large-scale war—not like Indo-China, which is relatively localised, but into a real war close to the Russian frontier. "Conscription in U.S.A.," "Industrial Mobilisation in U.S.A.," the newspaper headings scream. "Truman Orders to Speed up Work on H-Bomb." At first, it was said the war would not be carried beyond the 38th Parallel; then the American planes started bombing hell out of the cities of North Korea. Now, we are told, the American armies will not go beyond this 38th Parallel. But do armies, pursuing the enemy, stop at a "parallel"? There is a ghastly suspicion in France that there are some people in Washington—especially among the generals—to whom the Korean flare-up is an undreamed-of opportunity to *extend* the war, and there is an awful fear that they may carry with them an overheated public opinion. Have there not been hundreds of articles in reputable American papers putting the fear of death into people by telling them that the "West" had only two or three more peaceful years to live, after which Russia would be *so* powerful? What if Korea were, even with the best intentions on Mr. Truman's part, to develop into that preventive war against Communism which has been the dream of some of the generals?

Most people I see in Paris haven't a good word to say for Moscow. To instruct its North-Korean puppet government to invade Southern Korea was a piece of insanity, which no arguments to the effect that the South Korean Government is worse than any Bao Dai can excuse. Yet the folly of Moscow in applying to Korea its principle of a "just war," a "war of liberation" is not ultimately what matters most. What matters most is to localise and then to liquidate the war. A few voices in France, not yet representative of policy, but only of sentiment, have come out saying that the chances of mediation in the Korean conflict would be far greater if such mediation were not merely proposed by Yugoslavia or India, but were fully supported by Britain and France, which have everything to lose from an extension of the Korean war. The *Monde*, Claude Bourdet, and a few others bitterly regret now that Britain and France did not press for the admission of Communist China to the Security Council, and they also say that, even now, it is not too late. For what is the good of Uno if its sole function, from now on, is to become a mere meeting-place for an anti-Russian coalition, and not an instrument that would try to bring East and West together, and not so much punish, as prevent aggression? It is even, quite plausibly, argued that if Communist China had been on the Security Council, the war in Korea would not have taken place. Another argument is that by provoking China over Formosa, the U.S.A. has made a first-class blunder and has played straight into the hands of Moscow, whose greatest fear is a *rapprochement* between China and the United States.

There is a strange irony in the American decision to send massive help to the French forces in Indo-China. Two days before the Korean war broke out the *Monde*—which is significant just because it is so representative of French sentiment, as distinct from policy—came out with a bold and sensational article saying that France had nothing more to gain, and everything to lose from pursuing the war in Indo-China. The conclusion was that Indo-China was a terrible drain on France's resources, and that she would employ these far better by concentrating on her defence in Europe.

This brings one to the burning question of European "neutrality." The French "neutralists" again represent not any sort of political party, but a widespread sentiment. Their argument is that "neutralism" does not mean pacifism or defeatism, but a state of armed neutrality which, ideologically, both sides would find it difficult not to respect. But to belong to either bloc would mean being automatically involved in the next war. If Korea becomes, as it threatens to become, a major conflict, the European "neutralists" will have no leg to stand on: France will, through the force of circumstances, become sharply divided into two clans—those passionately desiring an American victory, atom bombs and all, and those openly or secretly resigned to submit to a Soviet-inspired Vichy regime. To-day, it is safe to say, the vast majority of the French wants no war and is desperately waiting for somebody to take the lead which would bring quick peace in Korea.

Most dangerous of all perhaps are the signs shown by both the U.S.A. and Russia of trying to intimidate each other. This is a desperately dangerous game which, it is widely felt, neither Britain nor France must encourage. But France, in the midst of a long-drawn-out Cabinet crisis, is not in the best position to take any spectacular lead. But what of Britain?—many are asking. Already Sir David Kelly has become Europe's one little white hope.

I have hardly said anything about the Cabinet crisis, partly through lack of space, and partly, too, because I have never known the French public less interested in a Cabinet crisis than in this one. People buy the papers for Korea, and nothing else. Electoral reform has been the main bone of contention that has made agreement between the parties difficult. The most cheering point in the otherwise cheerless story of French home politics in the last fortnight has been the absolute refusal of Parliament—in this case fully reflecting public sentiment—to approve of the one-day Queuille Government which, with the inclusion in it of Reynaud and the support promised it by Daladier, represented the most "capitalist" and "anti-social," and also historically distasteful, government combination yet presented to the National Assembly. However, all this is chicken-feed compared with Korea, and the question whether Pleven or a slightly more Left-wing Queuille, or somebody else forms the next Government is giving sleepless nights only to its prospective members.

Paris, July 10. ALEXANDER WERTH

C'EST LE PREMIER PAS . . .

NEW crisis descends on the West,
Perennial problems recur,
The danger is seen at a glance
In Korea, Indo-China, Trieste—
Now heads of free States must confer,
But who is the Premier of France?

Emergency calls for debate,
The state of the world cries for speed,
Delay must the peril enhance;
The Powers impatiently wait—
In Europe the French give the lead,
Who is the Premier of France?

The Premiers of France come and go.
And each Coalition's defeat
Brings a deep constitutional trance;
Not even French Ministers know,
When the Council of Europe they meet,
Who is the Premier of France.

The Centre has moved to the Right,
But their mandate they cannot renew
While the Radicals eye them askance;
De Gaullists are armed for the fight,
The Communists mass for a *coup*,
Who is the Premier of France?

A confidence vote they may win,
But their fall cannot be long in doubt,
The Left to the onslaught advance;
The Assembly may usher them in,
But the Socialists bundle them out,
Who is the Premier of France?

The burdens of office are passed
From Bidault to Queuille and Pleven. . . .
Though but for a day it's a chance!
There's a new Coalition at last!
Now Pleven has picked his eleven
To-day he's the Premier of France!

SAGITTARIUS

London Diary

THE traditional British phlegm has often served us well. It saved us, for instance, in 1940. To-day, when the question is not of keeping a stiff upper lip, but of taking action to avert disaster, our habit of assuming that we can somehow muddle through may be as dangerous as panic itself. Few people seem alive to the likely sequence of events. If American troops in Korea suffer further reverses, even perhaps being driven into the sea, the probable result is an American war hysteria, national mobilisation and a furious demand to start throwing atom bombs. In that case the Soviet Union might be expected to change its present tune. War would then be on top of us, not only in Asia but in Europe as well; incidentally, the experts agree, civilised life on this island could hardly survive. A foreign observer who discussed this possible series of events with me thought that there was another fortnight in which to avert world war, and that only Britain was in a position to do it. He thought our present intervention in Moscow right, but far too leisurely. Like other people, he expressed surprise that Mr. Younger should be used as a messenger boy between Downing Street and Mr. Bevin's bed of sickness. "Britain," he said, "is without a Foreign Secretary at the supreme moment of danger and opportunity. Mr. Attlee should appoint a Foreign Secretary—not tomorrow, but today."

* * *

One of the sadder citizens today must be Trygve Lie. No sooner had he completed his "Back to the Charter" mission to Europe—including Moscow—than he found himself engaged in the thickest kind of Great Power politics. Denounced as a "Communist" on his return to America, he was in a poor position to maintain the independence of his office. As Secretary-General of the United Nations he might, for instance, have preferred to avoid personally naming Northern Korea as an aggressor. He is now denounced by the Communist press all over the world, the Kremlin even declaring that he undertook the mission merely to camouflage American war plans.

This means, I regretfully conclude, that the Lie mission is dead. It was the most encouraging event of the last twelve months. It gave a platform to those who wanted to end the cold war, but who were not at all prepared to follow the Moscow line. This is important, since the attempt to end the cold war—or to prevent it hotting up into the world shooting war—must be renewed. Notice as a straw in the wind that the Union of Democratic Control secured the signatures of 72 M.P.s for a letter to the Foreign Secretary urging "his support for Trygve Lie's mission and for the ideas of constructive negotiation behind it." His mission revealed that the demand for a constructive peace move is potentially much wider than that of the Communist-organised Stockholm Petition—though this has received nearly a million British signatures.

* * *

Vansittart and his British colleagues have felt it necessary to resign from the International Committee for the Study of European Affairs. Their complaint is that, without their agreement, references to Korea were inserted into an agreed draft recommending the threat of Atomic sanctions against a military aggressor. But if they accepted the general principle, why jib at its consequences in the first particular case? If Eastern Germany invaded Western Germany or even if the Russians promoted another civil war in Persia, I am sure that Lord Vansittart would demand that we should use the sanction of atomic bombardment, and carry the bombardment out, if the threat by itself were not effective. Granted that such sanctions are morally justifiable against the aggressor in Europe and the Middle East, why recoil in horror from recommending them in Korea? It is high time that we cleared our minds about the ethics of the atom. Some scientists hold that the bomb, like bacteriological warfare, introduces a new and monstrous sin. The experiments with rats, exposed to gamma rays, seem to show that these rays upset the genes and breed a generation of blind monstrosities. To expose unborn generations to this uncontrolled experiment, even in national self-defence, is morally unjustifiable. I am driven to agree that a civilised nation must refuse to employ this weapon, even if the enemy has no scruples about using it.

* * *

Once you move a single inch from this absolutist position, as both the Western and the Eastern blocs have done, the question becomes one of pure expediency. If Mr. Churchill is right—and I suspect that he is—we are already relying on the three American atom bomb squadrons stationed round Oxford to deter the Russians from invading Western Europe. Granted this tacit reliance on the A-bomb, there can be nothing wrong about issuing an explicit ultimatum to an actual aggressor. So I conclude that the reasons why the Security Council has not threatened the North Koreans with atom bombing are not ethical but purely practical. To start with, there are no targets in North Korea which ordinary bombs cannot wipe out. Secondly—and much more important—the dropping of an A-bomb would almost certainly be taken by Moscow as a declaration of world war and involve reprisals on London and Paris, not to mention Oxford. So long as both sides wish to localise the conflict, they will restrict themselves to old-fashioned war techniques.

One very important conclusion follows from this. Up till now Americans have always excused themselves from maintaining large forces by assuring their allies that they hold in their hands an "ultimate weapon" which is a genuine substitute for divisions on the ground. But it now seems clear that this ultimate weapon cannot be used as a sanction for the purpose of preventing or localising a war. So long as the Russians avoid direct attacks on vital strategic areas like Germany or Persia and conduct their expansion indirectly through their satellites, the West will be forced to fight an endless series of old-fashioned colonial wars in areas selected by their enemies. In a period of cold war, in fact, the A-bomb is useless and the only sanction against aggression is the maintenance of colossal standing armies. Simple men might conclude from this that the West should make an all-out effort to end the cold war by a negotiated settlement. Since Lord Vansittart believes there can be no peace with the Kremlin, and denounces this idea as rank appeasement, I should like to know his way out of the dilemma.

* * *

Anyone who has tried to get a coherent picture of the Korean campaign from "front-line" reports must have noticed some oddities. First, though the Pacific war should have taught them a lesson, most of the papers are taking MacArthur's communiqués at face value, when even *Newsweek* comments that the Air Force "claim to have 'accurately' bombed tanks with B-29s was taken seriously only by itself." Next, stories bob in and out of the press in different contexts. Some of these are oddly alike but dissimilar. On Monday, Marguerite Higgins wrote in the *News Chronicle*:

> A sergeant next to me on the mountain top said: "Those guys are flying so low they should have bayonets on their propellors."

By Monday evening, in the *Evening Standard*, Keyes Beech was on a hillside peach orchard and sweet potato patch when:

> Second Lieutenant Bert van Engel, aged 20, exclaimed. "Those men should have bayonets on their propellors."

Then Keyes Beech reported how thirteen quick-change artists

> . . . walked into a house wearing mustard-coloured Communist uniforms with fat red stars on their caps and emerged a few minutes later wearing white clothing . . . One of our tanks blew them apart.

But in Tuesday's *News Chronicle* Miss Higgins saw the film the other way round.

> . . . a group of white-clad Koreans were seen disappearing into buildings within our lines. They emerged minutes later either in the mustard-coloured uniforms of North Korean soldiers or with weapons in their hands . . . They joined in sniper attacks on our troops.

Perhaps one reason why reports from Korea in the British press read so often like second-hand summaries of official hand-outs is that British newspapers cannot afford the high cost of special correspondents and their cables.

* * *

Intimately concerned as I am with the gaiety of the village of Charing Cross, I have been disappointed until last week with the entertainment offered by the tiny Watergate Theatre in Buckingham Street. But the management have hit the mark now. "After the Show" caters for the many people in the West End who still want to be amused after they leave the theatre or film at 10.30 p.m. The present version of this "late night revue" is written by Peter Myers and Lionel Harris and performed by half-a-dozen young people, who together make a very lively team. The items are often witty and sometimes quite improper. Robert Dorning, who does a one-man turn ("I'm the only Sabine woman whom the Romans didn't rape") is an excellent comedian and his concluding sketch with Gabrielle Brune is memorably comic. It consists of a conversation between the Bergman and the Hayworth babies.

* * *

This week's neatest Home Front comment:

> In Smithfield, famous for its steak,
> There has been a strike of carters.
> Housewives a lesser cut must take,
> The modern Smithfield martyrs.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Two days after Mrs. E. M. Hayward, of Reginald Road, Bexhill (Sussex), lost two ration books they were returned by post—with the tea and sweet coupons missing.

In their place was a copy of the Gospel of St. John and a tract giving guidance on how to live a Christian life and exhorting the reader to give thanks for daily blessings.—*The People*. (I. Barker.)

How can Mr. N. W. D. Yardley, who was so richly endowed by his godparents, maintain his moral authority as England's captain when the penny papers either "Norman" him or write him down in the score sheet as a mere "N. Yardley"?—Letter in *The Times*. (W. E. Steward.)

He said the London Co-operative Society got a "very bad name" last December when the Hounslow Co-operative Girls' Choir sang an ode to Stalin at a British-Soviet Society show.—*Daily Express*. (Denis Butler.)

Diamonds are replacing the traditional row of pearls in popularity. Diamond stars appear on morning suit lapels, afternoon frocks and glitter in the hair by night.

But even diamonds these days must be practical. —*Evening Standard*. (C. Troughton.)

Treasure Island has been filmed by Walt Disney, which, as one critic said recently, "is surely the best recommendation that can be given any book." —*Everybodys*. (K. Gay.)

Berlin Congress

Mr. Melvin J. Lasky is an enterprising and sharp-witted young New York intellectual who sports a Lenin beard and is attached to the American High Commission in Germany. Three years ago, at a Soviet-sponsored International Congress of Writers in Berlin, he aroused the collective wrath of Kataev, Gorbatov, Vyshnievsky, and other Russian authors present when he challenged, with spirited impudence, their moral and artistic conceptions of freedom, on their own ground. Since then he has made a name for himself as editor of *Der Monat*, an ambitious political and literary magazine of aggressively anti-Communist complexion. In order to convoke a "Congress for Cultural Freedom" to Berlin, he had, in fact, to do little more than send out invitations to his prominent contributors over the past two years. Most of them came, nearly one hundred, and they were a wide and variegated gathering from James Burnham and Arthur Koestler to Ignazio Silone, G. A. Borgese, James T. Farrell, Denis de Rougemont, and film star Robert Montgomery. The British delegation included Herbert Read, A. J. Ayer, H. R. Trevor-Roper, and Julian Amery.

It was an imaginative idea to "join the intelligentsia of the free world in a first attempt at openly discussing and formulating an independent programme for the defence of their common democratic ideals." The disadvantages of a representative gathering of "free men in a free city" producing, in the end, no more than a "Wroclav in Reverse" were obvious, but how could they be avoided? How could the assembly shout and think at the same time?

Mr. Lasky did his best, but current events and Arthur Koestler were against him. Even as the delegates reached their hotels from the airport, news of the outbreak of fighting in Korea came through from the two halves of the divided city, and the two versions read as if they had been cabled from the Sun and the Moon respectively. In the face of this, what was the purpose of arguing? Barely a mile away from the Congress Hall, former Reuter correspondent John Peet, addressing a rabble-rousing speech to a "peace meeting" several thousand strong, was denouncing by name his one-time British colleagues who were present to cover the meeting, until a demented crowd shouted "Hang them!" and "To the Gas Chamber with them!" Again, not very far away the first part of Stalin's great new war film ground out its laborious proof that the war against Hitler really began in 1941 and no one but the Soviet Union fought it. Was there any room left for debate?

Inevitably, what had been intended as a series of productive discussions, was in danger of degenerating into a monotonous string of personal declamations against Communism. From the start a strong group of ex-Communists, centring round Burnham, Koestler, Plivier and Borkenau, made a determined bid to turn the Congress into a rhetorical challenge to the men beyond the Brandenburg Gate. Those who had come to debate and inquire, did not at first get much of a chance. Hans Thirring, the Austrian atom scientist, withdrew his paper in which he had appealed to the Soviet Union to halt the Cold War while charging Western intellectuals with their fair share of responsibility for "hotting" it up. Korea, he admitted, had shaken his assumption that the Soviet Union would not engage in military aggression. A. J. Ayer's sober attempt to clarify the choice open to man between freedom and tolerance on the one hand and tutelage on the other, was listened to in unfriendly silence. Trevor-Roper, who had prepared an excellent paper on "Truth, Liberalism, and Authority" was persuaded to jettison it and confine himself to a brief and reasoned plea for an impartial examination of the methods and aims of free inquiry. This should have stimulated discussion but did not.

It was all brushed aside by Koestler's effective dialectical over-simplifications. Speaking with skilful demagogic artistry, he claimed that the time for discussion was past and the nature of freedom had to be established "by rule of thumb." What was required were not definitions—"you don't argue in the front line"—but the formation of Western intelligentsia into a *Kampfgruppe*, a fighting squad, unequivocally pledged to saying Yes and No, and nothing else. Its leadership must naturally fall to the converts from Communism since they, the burnt children, were clearly the only ones who really knew the fire everyone was talking about. "Yes, we are converts from Communism," shouted Borkenau, blue in the face with passion, "and proud of it!" The slogan was not lost on many an ex-Nazi in the crowded audience. A Scandinavian delegate remarked that it was obviously time for Dr. Adenauer to make way for Herr Otto Strasser.

Restlessness grew among the Italians, the French, the Scandinavians and the British as the Burnham-Koestler world emerged in clearer outline. It turned out that a "Wroclav in Reverse" is easier said than done. Silone, Lombardi, David Rousset, André Philip, Haakon Lie refused to buy it, despite the brilliantly intelligent advances made by Sidney Hook. "In science," he said, "no doctrines are subversive"—except, of course, the doctrine that there are subversive doctrines. Burnham, arguing with the dry and deliberately unemphatic smoothness of a Y.M.C.A. preacher, insisted that there were "good" and "bad," "white" and "black" atom bombs. The "good" ones had been "the only defence of the civilised world for the last five years," they were "the only vehicle of a Western counter-offensive against Russian armed aggression." This fine nuance was lost on outraged André Philip. "Good and bad atom bombs alike will fall on my head! I'm not afraid of them. What I am afraid of is the misery bomb of unhappiness which will fall on the working man!" The implications of the Burnham thesis—"There is only one road to peace; peace—yes, but only through freedom"—became clear. How could we get freedom? Obviously, by wresting their unfreedom away from the Communist world. The "good" bombs would ultimately have to blast our path into their enslaved minds.

Koestler finally proceeded to clear away what is now to him no more than a rubbish-heap of antiquated political and social conceptions in the Western world, in order to establish the platform for a "United Front" in which all anti-Communist elements, as Burnham had demanded, should unconditionally range themselves under ex-Communist leadership. His argument was a dialectical *tour de force*. The old battle cries of Left versus Right and Capitalism versus Socialism had lost their meaning since Stalinism had emerged as the most right-wing reactionary force in the world. History had moved on to new conflict which cut across the old lines of division. This was "total tyranny against relative freedom," and there was no point in arguing out the finer shades of "relative freedom" as between free enterprise and a planned economy and other now irrelevant antinomies. In any case, Socialism, owing to its lingering sentimental attachment to what was once the Marxist Left, was constitutionally unfit effectively to oppose Communism, and it had in fact dismally failed to provide an alternative. The insularity of its British variety in particular, was a disruptive force inside the anti-totalitarian front.

"The Soviet veto at the United Nations has its counterpart in the British veto against a political and economic consolidation of Europe. The Iron Curtain against Eastern Europe has its counterpart in the diplomatic fog screen across the English Channel."

At this point the small band of British delegates lost its temper, but before they got a chance of replying, Haakon Lie, the Norwegian trade unionist and resistance leader, jumped emphatically to the defence of the "Atlantic fringe." Why was it, he asked, that Britain and Scandinavia, the only countries with uninterrupted Socialist administrations since the war, were also the only ones in which Communism had dwindled to political insignificance? Was it not thinkable that full employment and social

security had something to do with this? Could political and social conceptions blithely be called obsolete which had so far proved the only really effective deterrents to the spread of Communism in Europe? And what, after all, was the political and social conception of the new "United Front"? How did they visualise the world after the "good" atom bombs had done away with Communist tyranny? Hear, hear, cried the French, the Italians, the British, and Mr. Julian Amery, in a few measured words, bravely stood up for Mr. Bevin.

All in all, it was a good and fruitful show. The "Wroclav in Reverse" just refused to come off; to many, if not all, the most encouraging feature of the Congress was that it demonstrated the intelligentsia of the Western world to be constitutionally incapable of obeying the demand to conform with Mr. Burnham's exclusive brand of essentially nihilistic non-conformism. What is more, Burnham and Koestler must be credited with, in the end, honestly and democratically respecting the mood of their fellow-intellectuals. The original draft of the final manifesto contained the sentence: "Totalitarian ideologies which deny spiritual freedom, do not enjoy the right to citizenship in the free republic of the spirit." This outlawry paragraph was deleted at the insistence of the British. Once again, Voltaire had prevailed.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

The Pressure Cooker

WHEN the Israeli State was created, Palestine contained some 650,000 Jews and about a million Arabs. After the defeat of the Arab League, less than 200,000 Arabs remained within the boundaries of the new State. Since then, the Jewish population of Israel has been increased by the arrival of about 400,000 immigrants—215,000 from Eastern Europe, 60,000 from North Africa, 92,000 from the Middle and Far East. I have also seen Jewish immigrants from South America. Israel is now the most cosmopolitan as well as the most racially united country in the world. Immigrants come because as Jews they are persecuted, because they hope for a better standard of living, or simply because they believe in the speedy arrival of the Messiah. Most of them have learnt a smattering of Hebrew in the religious teaching of their childhood, and one of the most remarkable things about Israel is that people of so many nationalities have so quickly acquired a common language. Apart from the profound but intangible bond of Judaism, these people have little in common; they represent many different stages of culture and upbringing. Alya—which may, I think, be translated as "promotion to Zion"—is unlimited, and the nature of the immigration problem, which is both urgent and uncertain, may be illustrated by the fact that the Polish Government has announced that a limited quota of Jews may leave Poland before the end of August. After that it is supposed that the Polish door will be shut as firmly as that of the Soviet Union.

No one knows how large the Israel will be in two years' time; it might be two millions. The majority of the new arrivals do not share the peculiar experience of those who shaped the country during the Mandate or who fought for it against the British and the Arabs. What the country will be like no one can prophecy. Some hold that the great influx of the religiously orthodox will prevent its rapid transformation into a scientific, modern State. One notices already that the strength of the orthodox Jews, small minority though they are, has been enough to veto civil marriage and secular education, and to make it impossible to get a taxi or a meal in a restaurant on the Sabbath. On the other hand, it could be argued that this pressure of orthodoxy will lessen with the increasing necessity of efficient organisation. In no country is the demand for a higher standard of living more peremptory, since in no country is the working population so politically conscious. Young people in the Kibbutzim who are not interested in the Talmud, and who smile behind their hands at the curls of the orthodox, are sure of getting their own way: they mean to turn Israel into the most modern of scientific States. All we can say to-day is that contrast between 13th and 20th centuries in present Israel is staggering. Historical periods and types are thrown into the melting pot, or, as one Jewish spokesman said, into the "pressure cooker."

The next big influx of immigrants is to be from Iraq, but the first task is to absorb 38,000 Yemenites. I visited a camp of these primitive and attractive people. It would be hard to find anywhere people who have been more effectively cut off from the modern world. They fled from the Yemen partly because of ill-treatment, but more because of Messianic prophecy. The story is widely told that, when the aeroplane arrived for them, they showed no surprise—was it not in accordance with the prophecies that they should mount up with wings like eagles? It is said, however, that when they arrived at Lydda airport and were loaded into charabancs that did not "take off," they were frightened and bewildered.

Many of the Yemenite children were like famine children, minute, with saucer-eyes and swollen stomachs. The mothers, I was told, were persuaded, often with great difficulty, to allow nurses to take from them children who were dying in their arms. I saw some of these sick children in hospital cots, tended by Western-trained nurses and doctors. Some of the mothers waited at the door for the children to come out. The families live in great communal tents, cooking their meals in odd bits of tin can over open fires. They dress and look like the immemorial Arabs of the Middle East. They seem wonderfully happy to reach Israel. They only complain when they have no work. It is agreed by everyone that they are industrious and adaptable and already making magnificent citizens.

Though the immigrants coming from capitalist countries and societies tend to prefer "business" in Tel-Aviv to collective farming, many thousands have, in fact, been absorbed by the Kibbutzim. But the pressure is great and the Prime Minister insists that the Kibbutzim must take a higher proportion. But how is that compatible with the idea of the collective? The Kibbutzim have always hand-picked new members by vote of the whole settlement and are totally opposed to "hired labour." They have so far successfully resisted Ben Gurion. The argumentative battle is still on; the last phase before I left the country was the proposal that immigrants should be regarded as "trainees," any of whom might become members of the Kibbutzim at the end of the year, when those who did not wish to join should be paid a lump sum—I heard mentioned a figure of £85—for their year's work.

Behind this controversy the discerning reader will see another, much more profound. Unlike other States, Israel came into existence, not through conquest or because order had to be imposed on warring barons, or a central organisation had gradually to take the place of ancient and atrophying institutions. The State of Israel was suddenly set up within a community whose indigenous institutions were still flourishing and authoritative. The Histadruth, for instance, is the comprehensive organisation of all manual workers. Politically its members are divided between the Mapai, the orthodox Labour Party, and the Mapam, the Left-Wing Socialists. Apart from Trade Union activities, it efficiently provides the personnel for a large proportion of the Kibbutzim, and runs many thriving co-operative factories in Tel Aviv and Haifa. Ben Gurion himself is a member of it; but, just as he must see to it that all the soil of Israel is cultivated, and—even at some risk to cherished principles—that the Kibbutzim must absorb their full share of immigrants, so he necessarily finds himself at odds with the Histadruth, which must seek to maintain the position of the established worker and cannot easily welcome so much dilution by cheap, immigrant labour. I do not want to suggest bad blood or even fierce controversy, but the argument about whether the State or the Histadruth should control the Sickness Fund or, as we should say, the National Health Service, is only one example of an inescapable problem.

The State, I think, must win such battles. Either the Histadruth and the Kibbutzim will become merely old established and privileged bodies within a community which does not share their principles or they will enlarge, at some risk to their principles, into even greater organisations which will include a high proportion of new immigrants. The State will win because only the central administration can deal with the over-riding problem of how Israel is to be kept economically alive. On ordinary economic principles survival is obviously impossible. To-day Israel imports seven or eight times as much as it exports. In spite of its now predominantly Socialist character, it must live on money subscribed abroad, particularly in capitalist America. Nor can it to-day afford to damage that large section of its economy which, like the prosperous citrus fruit industry, is still in private hands. It must accept money from the United States, invested, at least partially, on capitalist principles.

American Jewish business men I have talked to put the matter quite bluntly. They like to give and also to invest money in Israel. There is a strong tie of blood—a feeling of racial and religious obligation. In investing money in Israel they do not ask for the same security or profit that they would expect if they had no other but purely financial motives, but they do want a return and some measure of security. As one very influential capitalist put it to me: "We are prepared to put our money here if we are assured of a reasonable return for the next fifteen years. If, at the end of that time, the Israeli State nationalises the industry and throws us out, we have got no complaint, but we must have our period of security and reasonable profit". Ben Gurion sees this. He is a Socialist, but he is also a nationalist and a realist.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Furniture and its Makers

To the consumer's eye, the local furniture shop seems back to its rather horrid pre-war normal. Here, behind the glass plate and chromium panels, are pieces with the familiar frills, fussy, shiny, gawky, weighted with moulding, Utility in fancy dress. Reason enough, one might think, for customers to walk out dissatisfied, for the mild slump which has hit furniture manufacturers in recent weeks, for cuts in output, men laid off or put on short time. Yet, strangely enough, retail sales remain high. It is, everyone in the trade will tell you, frills that the public wants; and they go on to argue that the makers are suffering only from over-buying by the retailers last winter and from the shake-out which always follows the end of a seller's market. Competition is back, though restricted still by Utility controls, and the manufacturer who provides most knobs and mirrors within the permitted price-range can be sure of keeping his workshop busy, once stocks are used up and retailers increase their orders.

It is little use bemoaning this drift to "knobs and mirrors" as the result of poor taste on the part of the public or the manufacturer. It follows from the structure of the industry. So long as there was a serious shortage of furniture, and so long as manufacturers were kept to a limited number of simple austerity designs, there was little room for competition. But, after November, 1948, free design was allowed, provided the manufacturer kept his basic specification and his price within the Utility limits. Inevitably, he concentrated upon the cheap bits and pieces which caught the eye, which distinguished the lounge of "Mon Repos" from the drawing-room next door in "Cosy Nook." He had to stay within the Utility scheme—which accounts for some ninety per cent of the present output of about £100 millions—because anything made above or below its limits is liable to purchase tax. Thus a small "quality" improvement adds one-third to the price, often putting the article beyond the means of working-class customers, while cutting standards—sometimes reasonably—defeats its own ends, since the added tax brings the price back into the Utility range.

Design is only one problem of an industry full of oddities and so complex that, to an outsider at least, it seems almost on the verge of chaos. It is crannied with divisions by area and function. Both employers and unions permutate and combine on different levels. A national agreement regulates wages and working conditions, but both vary from one factory to another. On top of the Utility scheme, with its attendant controls, there has now been added the Furniture Development Council, a statutory body which relies, however, upon voluntary co-operation. Then one must take into account the traditional desire for secrecy, the fact that of about 4,000 separate firms (1941) only 24 were public companies, the disparity in size and quality between a large concern such as Harris Lebus and a backyard workshop with three or four men. Indeed, the small unit is more typical than the large. Before the war, there were 3,000 factories with fewer than ten employees, and only 1,000 with more than ten, and the shape of the industry has not altered substantially since then. Yet 17 per cent of the firms produce 77 per cent of the total output. Craft practices and mass production march side by side. One firm may make its dining suites from the timber down: another buys prefabricated components and merely assembles and finishes them. One provides canteens for its men. Another has them eating their "snaps" beside the job.

Such variations are not only due to the fashion in which the industry has expanded since 1918 from handicraft to, in some sections, a mechanised output. They again reflect the problem of design and the public's buying habits. Technically, much of the industry could be turned over to mass-production on assembly lines. But while public and retailers alike demand variety, extreme standardisation is impossible, save for a few articles such as kitchen or nursery furniture. And where designs are changed frequently, the small firm—which may be quite efficient—can compete with the large one; it may actually enjoy certain advantages. Thus, when demand increases, as it did during the housing boom of the 'thirties, it leads less to concentration of production in a few big firms than to an increase in the number of firms. Many of the big retailers preferred it that way. It is easier to drive down the prices of a small firm, dependent upon one or two outlets, than those of a large producer trading all over the country.

It was from such practices that the intense and often harmful competition of the pre-war years arose. Gresham's Law applied here too. The skimped work, often done in what the 1946 Working Party called "dark, dirty, congested and unsafe places," undercut that offered by responsible firms which tried to maintain honest standards. They, in turn, had to cut their quality, their wages, their profits, or all three, in order to stay in business. Before the 1938 Hire Purchase Act, many retailers were less interested in selling good furniture than in running a money-lending office: quality mattered less than eye-appeal. The consumer, who seldom buys a substantial amount of furniture more than twice in a lifetime, was often swindled through ignorance. How can a milkman tell whether springs are properly secured or a shipping clerk judge the quality of a flock filling and the seasoning of timber? In 1946, the Working Party concluded that, up to the outbreak of war, "the quantity of bad furniture was increasing" and that "the evil is sufficiently far-reaching in its impact on the lower-income groups to justify very serious efforts to find a remedy." As competitive pressure increases, the old race downhill might start again, against the desire and intention of the best manufacturers. Already, in spite of the protection offered by the Utility mark, some firms are cutting quality. I know of jerry-built work bearing a Utility mark, and A. G. Tomkins, the Secretary of the Furniture Trade Operatives, recently told me that he thought the Board of Trade's enforcement scheme had broken down completely.

Nevertheless, Utility has served the public well. In its original form, it could not outlast the end of austerity, and there is reason to think that the scheme is still too rigid. The variations it now permits are of the wrong kind, but the difficulty of further relaxing it is again one of complexity. Unless specifications are tightly drafted, it is easy to evade them. How can the public be guaranteed minimum quality unless fairly precise requirements are laid down about construction, materials and prices? Again, the setting of controlled prices, at a time when maximum output was desired, protected the marginal producer and ensured high profits for those above average efficiency. Clearly, in a buyer's market, it is desirable to concentrate production in the more efficient workshops. Yet once price control is removed, the way is open to the old process of undercutting on the basis of poor quality. There is a case—and some manufacturers make it—for replacing the rigid scales of purchase tax by a straightforward sales tax on a percentage basis, thus maintaining revenue and permitting freer competition. Again, some of the more enterprising firms argue that the Utility specifications penalise technical improvement and the use of new materials. There is something to each of these criticisms, and they reveal the difficulty of securing some kind of uniformity within an industry of petty producers, accustomed in the past to a regime in which it was each for himself, and, too often, the devil take the public. Utility has at least, for the first time, given the consumer some much-needed protection.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

(To be concluded.)

THE WARRIOR'S OPPORTUNITY

To military minds, at least,
Small wars are not too bad, on balance;
They now see, looking towards the East,
A Korea open to their talents.

ALLAN M. LAING

Something for Everyone

LIKE an American businessman's vision of Socialist England, the queue shuffled slowly on down the long passage. We were queueing for lunch at the Municipal Restaurant; but to anyone who didn't know this it looked as if we were queueing to look at the weeping woman on the bench in the passage just outside the ballroom door.

She wouldn't have noticed it if we had all been there expressly to look at her. A policewoman was saying something to her in a low voice and holding out a thick white mug of tea; but I don't think that she heard what she was saying and she didn't take the tea. There was a world in which words could comfort and a cup of tea ease sorrow; but she had been exiled from that world. If she'd been beautiful, it would have been bearable to watch her grief; it would have been tragic rather than pathetic. But her body was heavy and clumsy, her face pasty, her hair dull—perhaps she'd, been attractive once, but it didn't seem possible. And her clothes hadn't ever been anything else but cheap; the poorness of the cloth was evident in the ugly creases where no creases should be and its curiously sacklike texture. She cried as painfully and awkwardly as a man—as if dignity were beyond her means, a luxury like good clothes or wine with meals.

If we'd kept to the left, we'd have gone into the Assize Court where her son had been condemned to seven years' penal servitude. But we turned to the right to go down into the Municipal Restaurant. It was like most municipal restaurants. It was clean and well ventilated, but as soon as I got inside I never felt quite clean, I felt grubby and sweaty and vaguely unwell. It was well-organised enough; no one was ever left without a seat. But I always felt rushed and nervy and harried, balancing my tray precariously whilst steering past the crowded tables. There were rissoles that day, but I didn't particularly notice what I was eating. Instead, I was working out the geography of the Town Hall—to where, for instance, did that little door marked *Private*, just by the ballroom entrance, lead? And where were the cells? And where did the policemen come from who kept appearing beside the quick-lunch counter? I gave it up, drank my coffee, and went out through a dark stone passage past dustbins and damp-looking rooms full of junk.

The week after that, I went to a murder trial. I used the Municipal Restaurant entrance and turned left instead of right—from the smell of cabbage and onion into the smell of floor polish, central heating and, providing one's imagination was strong enough, blood. I saw the judge come out of the robing room to a flourish of trumpets and in a blaze of scarlet and ermine. He was a very ordinary looking old man, I thought, except for his thin, tight lips. I didn't like the sudden hush that fell over the place as he passed, and I didn't like the way he held his face—as if he were God or Justice, which is the same thing. And when I went into the court, I didn't like the way the officials combined to give the impression that they were letting me in as a special favour and I really hadn't any business to be there.

They put me in the students' gallery which gave me the same kind of view as in a private box at the theatre. On my left were about a dozen policemen and policewomen, who had come, I suppose, to learn about court procedure. To my surprise I discovered that I violently objected to the policewomen being there at all, particularly the pretty ones. This reaction was hardly logical and I couldn't attempt to explain it, but it bothered me all throughout the trial.

I had expected tension in the courtroom. But its musty air was a kind of anaesthetic: I felt that the witnesses didn't really believe that it was true—they'd seen it all before, the man in the dock wasn't guilty at all, everything would come out right in the end and after being saved at the last moment by Lionel Barrymore's evidence he'd marry Ingrid Bergman, Sidney Greenstreet would be captured by the F.B.I. and the missing jewels found . . .

But it was all real, real as the scarlet cloth of the judge's robe with its closely woven, silky texture, real as the spot of dried blood on my chin where I'd cut myself shaving that morning. The details of the murders were so obscene that they didn't shock. They might have been details of the religious rites of some savage tribe, footnotes in *The Golden Bough*. They were so horrible that for a split second they were familiar; the cold medical words played like a searchlight over the hinterland of the racial mind, the kingdom of the Old Man and the Old Woman. They had the flavour of a remembered nightmare—that dark pungent rottenness like cheap Worcester sauce which can for a moment make our conscious thoughts seem so insipid.

Oddly enough, the murderer, with his dark scowling face, looked exactly as one would expect a murderer to look. But he seemed to have no connection with these obscenities; nor with anything nor anyone. He sat in the same position all the time—head bowed, hands on his knees. I don't think that he ever looked up, and I doubt if he ever saw anyone in the court.

He was waiting to die; there was nothing else that he could do. And there was nothing else that anyone could do for him except to kill him. His lawyer said that he was mad; and, although this line of defence was Hobson's choice, I believe that he was right. There was a motive for one murder: there was no shadow of a motive for the triple murder nor for what he did to the still-warm corpses. Even to cure him of his madness would have been inhuman: he couldn't have lived with the memory of what he had done. He had reached what airmen call the point of no return; he couldn't go back into the humanity he had left. He had to finish the journey, he had to go into death.

Outside, a chattering crocodile of schoolgirls filed into the Art Gallery opposite. They were leggy and lively and entirely charming; but I found myself remembering, with a stupidly serious intensity, Searle's bloodier-minded cartoons—the headmistress hanging on a tree, the little girl being sawn in half . . .

I looked at the notice-board just inside the Municipal Restaurant entrance. A symphony concert, a boxing match, a political meeting, a dance, a demonstration of hypnotism—there was something for everyone. There was no mention of the Assizes or the Municipal Restaurant, but they had to be included as well—death and justice and meals until seven-thirty on weekdays. It seemed a lot to have under one roof. A few hours or a wall or a door separated wildly different worlds—Beethoven and rissoles, waltzes and the black cap; it was a wonder no one ever got mixed up.

I remembered the woman weeping on the bench. Perhaps she hadn't the least idea, earlier that morning, that her son would be condemned for seven years' penal servitude, that not only would his life be ruined, but hers too, her respectability would be destroyed in a moment, the clichés would come to life, *poor but honest* would become *can't hold my head up any more*, words like *convict* and *prison* and *judge* would suddenly have a malignant significance, burning like vitriol in an open wound. Perhaps she'd only gone to the Town Hall for lunch or a dance ticket, but she'd turned to the left instead of the right, or gone upstairs instead of downstairs, and her son had been sent to prison not for robbery with violence but as a punishment to her for losing her way.

It was fantastic of course; rather too much like a scene from Kafka. But, I reflected uneasily, going home through Town Hall Square past the huge menacing bulk of the V-bomb on exhibition there, it wasn't any more fantastic than anything that had happened in Europe recently or was happening there now—women starving amidst the rubble of their homes because they'd put a cross opposite the wrong name in 1932, families driven into exile because they'd been born in the wrong place, men tortured and hanged for one foolish word.

J. G. BRAINE

So They Say . . .

FOR the record: just how strongly did Mr. Strachey's now much-publicised "plot" speech strike the newspapers when it was actually delivered? It was circulated to all the Sunday newspapers of July 2, but the only one which quoted the controversial passage was the *Observer*, which carried a long report under the headlines SCHUMAN PLAN "PLOT" SAYS STRACHEY—"BOGUS" WESTERN FEDERATION.

No other paper apparently found anything particularly interesting in this aspect of the speech (although *Reynolds's News* included some references to the Schuman Plan), but in one or two paragraphs quoted Mr. Strachey as saying either that "We must obey Moscow or fight" (*Sunday Times*), or (*passim*) that "Korea does not mean world war."

Incidentally, could it have been a compositor with sympathies for Mr. Attlee who was responsible for the following misprint in one edition of the *Star* on July 5th?

STRACHEY SEES MR. ATTLEE AT NO. 10

Mr. Attlee and his Government are considering what line they should take in Tuesday's debate on the use of the word "pest" in Mr. Strachey's Colchester speech. . . .

New Hope for Pyramids

News Chronicle, July 5th :—

The Central Land Board yesterday announced: "Anyone who has paid a development charge under the Town and Country Planning Act, 1947, for knocking a hole in the party wall between two buildings should apply to the Board for repayment." The Act says plainly that "development" does not include works . . . which do not materially affect [a building's] external appearance. But officialdom held that a party wall between two houses was an "outside" wall of either one of them, and that knocking a hole in it would affect the external appearance of both. . . .

When such absurdities as these are perpetrated they are, it seems, news. But when the *deus ex machina* bows and apologises it is not, apparently, news—not even when there is an accompanying "human interest" story of the busman who, charged £600 for making a door between two attached cottages he had bought, fought for 18 months and forced the Land Board to admit the illegality of its action. How many other people who have paid this charge in the past two years will now know to claim? Not readers of the *Manchester Guardian, Daily Telegraph, Daily Mail, Daily Express*—or the *Daily Herald*.

They're Coming!

Sunday Express, July 9th :—

CABINET CALL IN M.I.5 AS ROAD STRIKE SPREADS

John Gordon: If a group of about 200 irresponsible men can persuade enough dupes to follow them, there may be a severe dislocation of all road haulage throughout the country tomorrow. . . . Thus Russia brings the Korean war to Britain. . . .

Reynolds's News, July 9th :—

I can also deny that the Cabinet called in M.I.5 this week-end to probe allegations that Communist agitation was responsible. . . . A Government spokesman told me last night: "We have no knowledge of these allegations and no information concerning any approach to M.I.5."

AUTOLYCUS

The Arts and Entertainment

LET THE HEART BREAK IN SILENCE

THE Arts Club theatre are honouring Mr. Shaw's ninety-fourth birthday by giving us *Heartbreak House* in a most serviceable production, distinguished by two brilliant performances, Miss Catherine Lacey as Mrs. Hushabye and Mr. Walter Fitzgerald as Captain Shotover. *Heartbreak House* is sometimes rather loosely spoken of as Shaw's best play on the grounds that there is more human feeling in it than in the others. If by this is meant that the characters are treated any differently from characters in his other plays—are seen more from the inside so that they go some way towards the Chehovian—then I confess that I do not find it so. Shaw's interest in people (it is not true that he shows none) is in people *primarily* as social beings. They are embedded in, when they are not rebelling against, a clearly defined set of social conditions (in the very widest sense), and it is out of their struggles with social conditions that his comedy arises. In *Heartbreak House*—which in the order of his works lies at the turning point between the brilliantly complete comedies and the looser disquisitions of the later period—he has not established for them, hardly even indicated, the framework of a social order, and yet they remain the kind of characters who depend upon one. It is this, I think, which gives the play its curious air of being hung out in Nowhere. And what gives it its air of having more feeling lying about it, is that the prevailing mood is unexpected, and one unique in Shaw's work. Instead of the underlying buoyancy and briskness, the almost Browningesque optimism as I sometimes feel, that spatters out of his comedies, here there is a languor, a diffused sense of disillusion. Nothing works, not romantic love, not money, not good looks, not adventure, not even Fabianism:

> I joined societies and made speeches and wrote pamphlets. That was all I could do. But, you know, though the people in the society thought they knew more than Mangan [the industrialist], most of them wouldn't have joined if they had known as much. . . . Every year I expected a revolution or some frightful smash-up. It seemed impossible that we could blunder and muddle on any longer. But nothing happened, except, of course, the usual poverty and crime and drink that we are accustomed to.

So Mazzini Dunn, the mild little "soldier of freedom" complains. And for once no one has the glib, convincing, rational answer. Only Captain Shotover, eighty-six years old, has anything to offer at all, the echoes of an old sailor's faith: "Learn your business as an Englishman. . . . Navigation. Learn it and live, or leave it and be damned." For once the answer is a heart-cry, not a formula.

It is the last act, and only the last act in my view, which has a real sort of perfection about it. The first two contain brilliant passages, but the edges are too ragged. This production, too, by Mr. John Fernald, comes together only in its beautiful third act. Earlier there has been a number of misjudgments. After the brilliant opening, the too long duologue between Mrs. Hushabye and Ellie drags. Miss Jennie Laird quite mislays her comedy, and then the Mr. Mangan overplays his, and the producer and actor have surely made a mistake in making the Mazzini Dunn a mild pathetic, but not a funny one. He is over-Chehoved. Where this play does resemble Chehov is that each of the characters is vital to the whole design and each must be right; and not all the company seem at this point quite up to it. The burden has to be carried too much by the dazzling pointing, timing and backing up of Miss Catherine Lacey, and the wonderfully telling irruptions of Walter Fitzgerald, whose Shotover seemed to me, in its quite different way, as brilliant as Mr. Robert Donat's was. But in the last act the whole thing seems to fall together. The atmosphere, languid, hushed and waiting (without being exactly expectant) is beautifully caught. The actors seem more at ease in this repose: Miss Patricia Jessel as Lady Ariadne makes a most effective contribution, from the cushions of her hammock: the girl and the old captain, sitting side by side on a bench beneath the flagstaff, grow into something vaguely from Ibsen. The moon is out; the flute plays: and then in the distance the bombers (but not quite convincingly enough) growl and deliver. Yes, perhaps, the best single act in Shaw even if not, certainly not, the best play.

T. C. WORSLEY

CHELTENHAM

PRESERVE us from our friends! Thousands of people, previously ignorant of the name of P. Racine Fricker, discovered, on opening a recent issue of *The Listener*, that this young English composer was not merely the equal of Hindemith, but his superior. Such a claim must be highly embarrassing to Mr. Fricker himself, whose studies were interrupted by the war, and who has therefore been composing in earnest for roughly four years. His First Symphony, given at the Cheltenham Festival, is his Opus 9.

It is a work of great promise and considerable power, which reveals a decided, sometimes disconcerting, personality. The composer speaks with confidence a harmonic idiom which may be fairly likened to that of Hindemith; but he has found his own voice, a young man's voice, quivering with passion and loaded with a greater weight of ideas than the design will always carry. Such, at any rate, was my impression, after two hearings, of the highly charged first movement; whereas the slow movement, an *adagio con molto passione*, made at once a deep and satisfying effect, the muted strings revealing veil behind folded veil of melody, and seeming to muse upon some sorrow too terrible to be made altogether explicit. After a third movement enigmatically called "Tableau and Dance," the composer gathered his strength for a finale which (unlike so many finales) showed no decline in invention or staying power. The symphony's orchestration is always effective and sometimes brilliant, as in the use of the glockenspiel as if it were the silver lining of a storm cloud.

In orchestral colour, as in most other respects, Fricker's Symphony was poles apart from Rubbra's No. 5. Not even the sumptuous Hallé and the fiery Sir John Barbirolli, who had clearly revelled in Fricker's work, could disguise the drabness of Rubbra's scoring. The prevailing texture is that of porridge—compounded, no doubt, of the finest and wholesomest wholemeal, but porridge none the less. On closer acquaintance, and even with the help of a printed score from Messrs. Lengnick, this symphony reveals itself as a scholastic work, of great structural distinction, exhaling a marked aroma of Brahms and (unexpectedly) of Elgar, but vitiated by what Sibelius would call "an excessive faith in counterpoint." Everything, as in an old-fashioned shop, has the air of being tremendously "good" and "well-made"; all that is lacking is splendour, effervescence, surprise. If music can be too fashionable, it can also err on the dowdy side.

The slow movement of Sir Arnold Bax's Left-Hand Piano Concertante (written for, and finely played by, Harriet Cohen) soared comfortably into those richly romantic regions where all but the most austere can still find pleasure; but why did he allow himself to build the outer movements on thematic material so trivial and so square? The last two Hallé concerts brought—besides a startling interpretation of that symphonic Mount Sinai, Vaughan Williams's Sixth—two more new symphonies, neither of which quite deserved the name. Certainly there is no reason why a modern symphony should not be cheerful and easy-going, instead of torrential and prophetic; indeed, I wish Haydn's example were as often followed as that of Beethoven or Walton or late V. W. But William Alwyn, in his First Symphony, has injudiciously enclosed some pleasant light music within a framework of pretentious grandeur: a thatched cottage in a millionaire's palace courtyard. Anthony Collins, in his Symphony No. 2 for strings, has contrived a resourceful and vivacious Scherzo and a brilliantly sonorous Finale which deserved the applause it evoked; but, both in layout and content, the work is less a symphony than a vivid and workmanlike Concerto Grosso.

Considerations of space and time compel me to postpone until next week a notice of the Glyndebourne Festival. Meanwhile, I would urge all who can possibly do so to visit *Così fan tutte*; or, failing that, to listen on July 21st. The new *Seraglio* has many good points; but *Così* is undoubtedly the thing.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

TENNYSON'S *Queen Mary*, one would have thought, was irredeemably of the closet. The blank verse, for all its professed imitation of Shakespeare's in the historical plays, is never truly dramatic. It does not spring out of character but seems assumed by the actors along with their costumes. If the recent broadcast of *Queen Mary*, then, repeated in the Third Programme after an interval of three years, emerged as of genuine interest, continually holding and even exciting the attention, the achievement was Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's rather than Tennyson's. Mr. Guthrie began his career as a radio producer; in the theatre he is

a producer of restless, disturbing energy; in the studio his energy is necessarily hampered and conditioned by the limitations of the medium, but the energy remains. It electrified the play into what was a very credible semblance of life. Mr. Guthrie's ruthless whittling of the text, which shaped the play into a comprehensible form, helped; but the dynamism was Mr. Guthrie's own. I do not think one was ever exactly moved by the play, though Miss Joan Cross and Miss Pamela Brown, as Queen Mary and Princess Elizabeth respectively, got out of their parts everything that could be got out of them; but at the moment of listening, at any rate, the whole thing seemed to be carried through with an air of passionate conviction. We were never allowed time to pause and think; Mr. Guthrie used quite splendidly all the resources of his medium to compel our excitement, and the scenes of Cranmer, admirably played by Mr. Stephen Murray, in the cathedral and at the stake, were truly compelling; the background effects were consummately handled. Throughout, one was conscious of a powerful directing intelligence at work, an intelligence that knew exactly what it wanted and exactly how to do it.

We have, of course, been having a minor Tennyson debauch in the Third recently: readings of the poems, talks, a play. All interesting; and yet I can't help feeling that this habit of the Third's of taking a single author and building a whole range of programmes, extending a fortnight or more, upon his work is being tiresomely overdone. It makes for easy planning of programmes, of course, but it also shows lack of imagination and also, I believe, a completely false notion of the way in which educated people read and consider great writers. Week after week now we are invited to an orgy of "mugging up" —Goethe, Joyce, Yeats, Synge, Wordsworth, Tennyson; and presumably Balzac and Stevenson are on the way. There is the air of the extension lecture about the whole thing, the quite fatal suggestion that, having wrung a play, a feature programme and half a dozen talks out of a poet or novelist, we don't have to "do" him again for another ten years. WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"I Bambini ci Guardano," Italian Film Festival at the London Film Club

"Kuksi," at the Rialto

"Bitter Springs," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

The Italian Film Festival, to which I drew attention last week, offered as the second of its Friday evening programmes two De Sica films. In the first, Camerini's *Gli Uomini che Mascalzoni* (1932), we saw De Sica as actor. He has (what did one expect?) unusual charm, a Clair hero of the attic period, but with rather more comedy and dash than belonged to the Paris ballad-sellers and taxi-drivers. The whole film, in fact, delightfully if a trifle haphazardly, breathes the atmosphere of *Quatorze Juillet* through a summer day's adventure in Milan. De Sica's own *I Bambini ci Guardano* (1942) is quite another matter. Its satirical and tragic impact may surprise those who have seen only *Bicycle Thieves* and *Shoeshine*. The "child who watches us" is the four- or five-year-old son of middle-class parents torn apart by the mother's adultery. The doings of these elders are recorded with an alert, brilliant and vindictive eye, and the child himself, involved in precocious tragedy, is heart-breaking. De Sica's genius with children shows itself here even more than in *Bicycle Thieves*: this performance quite staggered me, as indeed did the whole film, though the knife turns too often and here and there the narrative seems to stray a little. (Even *Bicycle Thieves*, I remember, had its dawdling episode.) When this remarkable film—a landmark in its way—is given its public run, it would be a good idea to include Camerini's gay little piece in the same programme.

The children of the Hungarian film *Kuksi* are a starved band who after the war wander over plains and hills in search of whatever they can find. It takes them little more than a minute to scrabble up a patch of potatoes; they will filch, pillage and even murder by instinct. The horror of these scenes—beautifully conveyed, by the way —was apparently too much for the makers of the film, who bring their little band to a ruined castle tenanted by a famous conductor. He teaches them the Marseillaise, and with their redemption the film falls to bits: it means very well, but after its first half-hour does worse and worse.

Bitter Springs is the third of Ealing's Australian films: better than *Eureka Stockade*, not nearly so good as *The Overlanders*. Ingredients: 1 trek (with sheep), 1 Rafferty, 1 shy young love affair (blond), 1 kangaroo gambol, 1 displaced comedian, 3 or 4 wide open spaces, 1 aboriginal tribe; mix none too well, pepper with kindness, and serve slowly. As a recipe film *Bitter Springs* is partly redeemed by its aborigines, who not only behave naturally, but make one wish the whole piece had been given over to them.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Ace of Clubs," at the Cambridge

Mr. Coward's new musical play began badly, very badly. The customary programme charge of sixpence for a collection of advertisements bound round a list of characters and scenes has long been a standing grievance with theatregoers (particularly with our American visitors who are accustomed to programmes being given, as they should be, free with the show). The management at the Cambridge Theatre now charge one shilling for their programme. True, besides the list of names and "numbers" there are a few small photographs from the play and three pin-up possibilities—two girls (quarter-page) and Mr. Coward himself (full-page). But does this justify a price equal to two issues of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION? This irritation might have rankled less if the succeeding show had sparkled more. A minimum of wit, a sad paucity of humour, a feeble crime story told at length in (surprisingly) indifferent dialogue, on the debit side; on the credit side a large selection of catchy tunes and some amusing dances. The famous Juvenile Delinquents number is brilliantly put over, but in itself it dreadfully lacks wit. Mr. Coward, as several small touches show, has lost, as a satirist, anything he may have gained elsewhere by becoming a social blimp. Mr. Grahame Payn has the easiest of stage manners, and Miss Pat Kirkwood puts over the one witty song—a cabaret number about the Empress Josephine—with point and verve, but these two are neither singly nor jointly big enough to carry a show which doesn't carry itself. For above everything it lacks that indefinable extra something which holds a musical together, that magic touch which Mr. Coward commonly commands, the equivalent of the pastry cook's lightness of hand. This cake obstinately declines to rise. T. C. W.

New York City Ballet, at Covent Garden

The New York City Ballet Company, in Europe for the first time, are giving a month's season at Covent Garden. This company is most fortunate in having George Balanchine as artistic director, and during the next weeks it will be possible to see some twelve of his ballets, among them *The Prodigal Son*, *Orpheus* (music by Stravinsky) and *Four Temperaments* (music by Hindemith). As well as Balanchine there is Mr. Lincoln Kirstein, general director and founder of the New York City Ballet, who presents several works with a very different, more literary flavour, Frederick Ashton's *Illuminations* after Rimbaud for instance, or Jerome Robbins's *The Age of Anxiety*, for which Auden's poem has been the inspiration. On the first night the Auden piece seemed certainly provocative, if not as profound as it pretended, but well within the range of the company who danced it. Otherwise the programme consisted of two Balanchine works: *Serenade*, set to Tschaikowsky's *Serenade for Strings* and *Symphony in C* (the Bizet) —this last a particularly beautiful ballet in the classical idiom Balanchine manages so superbly. From a short acquaintance, the dancers seem an excellent company, who compensate for an occasional lack of lyricism with a wealth of brio. This and their tempered athleticism, one of the most attractive qualities in American dancing, are a constantly recurring pleasure. The men (Moncion especially) tend to outdance the girls, though Maria Tallchief is an exception. Next week it will be possible to consider them and the repertory individually. R. J.

Permeke, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco

The Belgian painter, Constant Permeke, who was born in 1886 and whose work is now being shown in England for the first time, is as Expressionist. The form of his pictures is as violent as anything created by the Germans, but their character is essentially Flemish and so more sympathetic to the human situation than the art of Schmitt-Rottluff or Haeckel or Beckmann. The paintings of peasant life are very similar in mood to Van Gogh's *Potato Eaters*, though in place of his small figures and his rough realism, there are great hewn forms whose mass and weight is symbolised by the thickened contours which explain their structure. It is easy to neglect the tenderness which exists beneath the abrupt, monumental surface of these pictures, not only an overflowing sympathy with common life, but a tenderness of observation and sometimes of technique. Find it first in a drawing such as *Le Marchand de Crevettes*. The major lines have something of the swooping rhythm of Modigliani, coarse, however, not sinuous; but in the face there is remarkable subtlety in the handling of rubbed chalk and beneath this film of tone, in the minor lines which delineate the features. These qualities of toughness and tenderness are there in such big oil paintings as *Les Fiancés* or *Les Paysans au Chat*. These have the colour of the earth, illuminated by sporadic explosions of a pure primary, yellow or red. In the figure pictures a certain awkwardness of handling goes not uncomfortably with the angular forms, but the landscapes, where the pigment is also richly used, are painted with the fluency of watercolours. Indeed they are reminiscent of the watercolours of Emil Nolde. The colour which projects the mood and character of these very plainly conceived scenes, opal blues and greens, deep viridians, blacks, sharp yellows and oranges, however sombre they may become, smoulder on the canvas with a wonderful intensity. Permeke is likely to be as little regarded here as was that greater Belgian artist, James Ensor, so this loan exhibition, mainly of his earlier work, is a courageous as well as a valuable venture

B. T.

"Always Afternoon," at the Embassy

On the slightly dishevelled Phillipson ménage (*à trois*) at St. Marcel there impinges, in a dilatory first Act, Professor Harper, who does absorbing things with mice in a red-brick university but none the less falls heavily for Laurie Phillipson—untidy hair, clothes, morals and all. One suspects conflict ahead. Who will win Laurie—the Professor, the Tarzan-type *bel ami*, or the elderly cynic who married her fourteen years ago but has now transferred his affection outwardly to a pet rabbit? But wait—surely the play's title is significant? Perhaps the struggle is between the lotus diet of the Côte d'Azur and a "dinner of herbs" in Stoke, between self-indulgent escapism and the call of a good provincial professor's love? It is all quite intriguing: and the characters are well observed and sharply etched. Miss Milroy has very nearly written a good play. But in the end she cheats, irritatingly. Laurie is not merely a shy *gamine*, but a psychopathic victim of agoraphobia, who clings to her husband because he is, in effect, her essential doctor: the predicated conflict never really existed after all because, in the psychophysiological circumstances, there could be only one result. As the disillusioned rabbit-keeper, Ernest Thesiger gives a flawless performance. In the role of the Professor, Roderick Lovell seemed to me miscast: as an actor he suggests a more romantic background than laboratory mice. Christian Marquand was good, if a little too noisily bilingual, in the part of Laurie's *simpliste* outlet. As for Laurie herself, Margaret Johnston—a charming and resourceful actress, disconcertingly like the Ingrid Bergman of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—did all that could be done with the rôle of a 35-year-old Peter Pan who suddenly becomes an emotional entry in a psychiatrist's case-book.

A. V.

William and Mary and Their Time, at the Victoria and Albert Museum

The Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam recently held a large exhibition to celebrate the tercentenary of the birth of William III. Until August 20th the V. & A. honours the same occasion with an abbreviated version of that show. Walpole may have been unjust when he said that William III "contributed nothing to the advancement of the arts." Still, the æsthetic achievements of this period are characterised neither by the splendour of the Restoration which came before nor by the restraint and fine quality which developed afterwards in the reign of Queen Anne. Outstanding among the applied arts is the metalwork—in particular the silver-gilt toilet set from Chatsworth and the celebrated table and mirror, enriched with fine silver plaques from Knole. A fine contribution to the furniture section are the Penshurst pieces (104, 105) though these really belong to an earlier era. But there is not enough good work to suggest the true stature of William and Mary furniture. Likewise two small pieces, the sum of the ceramics section, hardly do justice to the importance of Delft. That there are no items reflecting the achievements of Wren, Tijou, Talman or Gibbons is also regrettable. On the other hand, ten drawings by Daniel Marot—designs for furniture, ceilings, ballets, gardens—reveal the mastery and versatility of this Huguenot refugee. Painters are the most fully represented, though both English and French are a dull lot. Elsewhere there are fine displays of miniatures, prints, sculpture, textiles and documents. J. R.

Correspondence

KOREA

SIR,—Mr. Hobsbawm argues that U.N. action in defence of South Korea, although supported by 48 out of 59 member nations, has no legal basis; Mr. Zilliacus says that it "has nothing to do with the rule of law or collective security or loyalty to the United Nations." Mr. Hobsbawm's neat legalisms are vastly preferable to Mr. Zilliacus' wild polemics about "criminal recklessness," "semi-Fascist dictatorships," and so on; but both statements require an answer.

Briefly, the answer to the legal argument is this. First, Article 28 of the Charter is just as unequivocal as Article 27. It lays down that the Security Council "shall be so organised as to be able to function continuously," and therefore each member must be represented "at all times" at U.N. headquarters. It can hardly be argued that the Soviet Union, by boycotting U.N. meetings, in violation of Article 28, can obtain the power to immobilise the whole Organisation. Secondly, the ruling that absence or abstention does not constitute a veto rests on foundations which are far from flimsy. At the 30th, 39th, 173rd and 230th meetings of the Security Council (not to mention the Palestine case cited in Critic's London Diary), resolutions were adopted in spite of the absence or abstention of a veto-wielding member; in one case no less than three such members abstained without invalidating the decision. At the 173rd meeting the President of the Council stated: "It is now jurisprudence in the Security Council, accepted for a long time, that an abstention is not considered a veto." Neither the Soviet Union nor any other veto-wielding nation challenged this ruling, and the British and French delegates supported it without reservation.

As to Mr. Zilliacus' argument, may I quote Mr. Brailsford's admirable words: "To be the passive spectators of an act of aggression is not behaviour one can justify on general grounds." As to the particular case in question, once one accepts Mr. Brailsford's view that "North Korea was guilty of a reckless act of premeditated aggression," it is clear that all who sincerely want peace have only one course open to them. Far more important than any discussion of local circumstances, far more important than the legal niceties already dealt with, is the principle which four decades of bitter experience have led most of the world to accept; the principle that aggression must be stopped at the earliest possible stage.

The attack on South Korea is the first clear case of armed aggression since the United Nations was founded. To have abandoned South Korea to the aggressor would have been a betrayal of the whole U.N. ideal. It would have started us again on the slippery slope which led us from Manchuria to Ethiopia, and on to Munich and war. That must not happen again. If we can once establish the hard fact that aggression does not pay, we can hope for a real general settlement on the lines of Mr. Trygve Lie's Ten Points. That is our only chance of building a lasting peace. ANDREW BOYD

United Nations Association.

SIR,—I would beg my old friend Brailsford not to allow himself, to use his own words, "to be caught in a legalistic trap by the procedure of the United Nations" and not to let his clear judgment be obscured by thoughts of the corruption of the régime in South Korea. The issue is plain. North Korea, as he says, has been "guilty of a reckless act of premeditated aggression." And, as Pandit Nehru has said: "if aggression were allowed to proceed, and to succeed, then the structure of the United Nations would inevitably collapse, and large-scale war would result." Between 1932 and 1939 we saw what happened when aggression was allowed to succeed. This time it must be stopped, and I rejoice that at least prompt action has been taken to stop it. It may break out in other places, but never must we retreat again. We are back on the last line in the defence of liberty and peace. We must hold it to the end. SEYMOUR COCKS

House of Commons.

SIR,—The fact that the Americans in Korea are fighting to prevent the success of an act of aggression, and therefore as instruments of the United Nations, and the fact that we, as supporters of U.N. and of the police action in Korea, are bound to deny Russian accusations of American Imperialism, ought not to obscure the danger that history may be about to repeat the story of the Delian League. That League was formed to protect Hellenic civilisation from an aggressive semi-Oriental totalitarian empire; it became the instrument of Athenian imperialism.

The immediate danger is that we shall find ourselves at war with, as war aim, the restoration of corrupt and oppressive oligarchies which happen to suit United States capitalism.

It used to be said that British policy, e.g., under Canning, was reactionary at home and revolutionary abroad. The United States policy would appear to be the reverse. Labour Ministers have taken to assuring us, passionately, that United States domestic policy is progressive; the foreign policy we can judge for ourselves from their support of the regimes of Chiang in China, Adenauer in Germany, Syngman Rhee in Korea, to mention only three. We are bound to help check aggression: are we, therefore, also bound to help in the restoration of reactionary, dishonest and incompetent governments? In the eyes of the State Department, was Chiang's crime his leadership of one of the worst governments in history? Or his military defeat?

Our support of America at the U.N. ought to be conditional upon our having a measure of control over the nature and working of the regimes installed when a "police action" succeeds. Our Labour Ministers are far too prone to speak and act as if pro-Americanism were, of itself, meritorious, whereas it is merely expedient. They might do worse than take a day off and read Admiral Leahy's recently published memoirs. EDWARD HYAMS

Nut Tree Cottage,
Molash, near Canterbury.

SIR,—The main danger of the Korean imbroglio is that America should be worsted and thence (what she would not put up with) *lose face*. Russia, if the North Koreans are beaten, on the other hand, would probably remain impassive because her object—at least, one of her objects in the business—would by that time have been more or less attained; namely, the weakening of America, entrapped into a kind of exhausting Asiatic Boer War.

But the Americans—I have a letter from a friend in New York that is really shocking in its revelation of their recent witch-hunting fanaticism—are excitable, and might, if they lose face, lose their heads to the fatal point of precipitating atomic bombs.

21 Adelaide Crescent, Hove. E. H. VISIAK

ATOMIC WARFARE

SIR,—You are to be congratulated on making clear the difference between atomic and other warfare. The heats having been played off, the final, solved by ordinary (Bomber Harris) methods, might have led to a *Pax Romana* imposed by the victor. As it will be, with atomic weapons the fight for freedom is likely to prove the theory of M. Sartre that freedom lies only in choice.

It is a pity that the people cannot be consulted on a matter that concerns them rather more than do party politics. I suggest a public opinion poll asking the question: "If there were no other alternative, which would you choose, the destruction of the human race or its domination by Communism?" That in the last resort will be the moral dilemma which will confront us all. JOHN ARMSTRONG

Lamorna, near Penzance.

FILM SUBSIDIES

SIR,—In commenting last week on the further subsidies voted for British films you rightly deplored the continuing lack of a national film policy, but you did not point out what it is now going to cost us—the cinema-goers. Of the £3,000,000 extra accruing to the exhibitors (if the attendances remain constant) the Treasury is contributing only £300,000 (by remission of tax on the cheaper seats) while we—the cinema-goers—are contributing £2,700,000 (by paying a little more for seats over 1s. 6d. Now we will pay almost anything to see a good film, but we will not pay a penny more to see a bad one. If the decline in the quality of British films in 1949, for which I hold the National Film Finance Corporation to be responsible because it went out for quantity instead of quality, is not arrested in 1950, then this muddled scheme for helping British film producers will defeat itself. For we will stay away from the cinema more than ever.

Incidentally, the exhibitors are to keep half the £3,000,000 for themselves. Why? Has anyone heard of a cinema-owner going bankrupt in this film crisis? Or is it just that the exhibitors had to be bribed to induce them to accept the principle of a levy of a farthing a seat for producers?

Mr. Harold Wilson promised us "a more fundamental attack . . . on the problems of the industry" many months ago. He has had the Gater report and the Plant report to help him, but we are still waiting. This last confused and complicated scheme, born out of the parsimony of the Treasury and the bankruptcy of the Board of Trade, is a miserable substitute for a policy. Those of us who have thought a lot about British films and believe that there is a sound policy to pursue, are losing patience, while most producers, of course, continue to lose money.

The Athenæum. NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

ZAVIS KALANDRA

SIR,—Allow me to add a few remarks to Critic's reference last week to the execution of Závis Kalandra, Czech Socialist writer and historian. Kalandra was hanged a day after the receipt by President Gottwald of a protest telegram signed by the leading figures of French cultural life, among them Sartre, Camus, Duhamel, André Breton, Paul Rivet, Madeleine Paz and Claude Aveline. The savage sentence imposed on that courageous fighter for democratic Socialism and uncompromising exponent of historical truth also provoked a sharp exchange of letters in *Combat* between Breton and the Communist Eluard. In short, the reaction was extremely violent in all intellectual and cultural circles in France.

During his trial at the beginning of June, Kalandra was reported by the Czech Press and radio to have confessed that he had committed the acts of "sabotage" he was charged with "out of hatred of the working class and of Socialism"! If any further proof were needed that these "confessions" of old Socialists in Eastern European heresy trials are a ghastly farce, none could be more striking than this confession of a man who for 30 years had devoted his life to the cause of truly international Socialism

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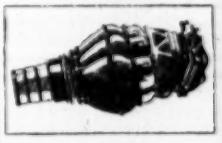

A jet engine works essentially by sucking in air at the front, compressing it, compressing it still further by burning it, and then forcing it out at the other end. British scientists and steelmakers gave reality to the inventor's dream. They made the first steel in the world that could stand up to heavy stress at over 1,000° Fahrenheit — red heat. Every year steel firms individually and through their research association are spending over £2,000,000 on research.

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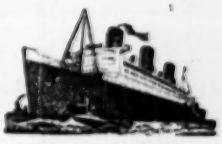

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BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION 55

—this was his real crime—and who for the last 16 years, ever since his expulsion from the Communist Party in 1934, had opposed the formidable apparatus of Stalinism and Soviet expansionism. In 1939, Kalandra refused to escape from Czechoslovakia because he foresaw what would happen to his country if, following an Allied victory, the field were left clear to the Communists. He was arrested by the Gestapo and barely survived the concentration camp. In 1948, Kalandra again refused to escape abroad, although his flight had been prepared by his friends for May, 1948. "What would happen to our country," he said, "if all true Socialists fled abroad?" Again he was arrested; but this time his foes did not let him off with a few years' detention: they hanged him.

Despite days of continuous interrogation, the Public Prosecutor was unable to prove a single case of military espionage against Kalandra. The most heinous crime with which he was taxed by the prosecution was that he had divulged to a foreign journalist the production figures of the Ostrava mining region. Thereby, the prosecutor asserted, he had "injured the Republic economically and Politically"! In the course of his cross-examination Kalandra stated that the information he had given to members of the foreign Press—mostly reports about the morale of the population and some few economic news items—was designed to give a true picture of conditions in Czechoslovakia. The defendants' main objective had been to show the world that the Prague régime was unrepresentative of the majority of the Czech people and to bring about free elections, if possible under the auspices of the United Nations.

Kalandra was of course "guilty" under the new Czech laws which lay down that no news item about production or the state of morale must be divulged except through official channels. Yet by all recognised standards of civilisation he and his friends were merely fighting for those elementary human rights which have been granted—at least on paper—to all peoples by the U.N. Charter of Human Rights. The world would do well to remember that, when a thing like Kalandra's execution happens anywhere, it is happening to all of us who care for decency in human relations. For, as Burke said, "Slavery they can have anywhere; it is a weed that grows in every soil."

"Yewhurst," STEPHEN W. POLLAK
Upper Park Road, Belvedere, Kent.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

SIR,—Ian Mikardo's article last week, on the discontent which the men feel at Wolverton, will not have surprised many railwaymen. The Railway Union's conferences are vociferous exchanges of many similar stories and, as a chairman of a local departmental committee (staff side), I gain some consolation from the discovery that my problems and disappointments are common to the rest of the railway world.

When the agreement on joint consultation was reached last year it was given a splendid send-off by both sides: certainly the circular, issued to every member of the staff and signed by Sir Eustace Missenden and representatives of the four unions, was comprehensive—and, I think, sincere in its assumption that the way was now clear for the staff and management to get together to make "railway transport unrivalled for speed, efficiency, economy and safety."

But the designers of the scheme omitted to allow for one important factor. They overlooked the elementary precaution of ensuring that all the thousand-and-one petty "heads"—the divisional chiefs and their assistants, the staff managers, the departmental chiefs, and so on—understood what joint consultation really was and, furthermore, were able to grasp the intentions which were embodied in it. They forgot that it takes two sides to make a joint consultative body, and that the managers were, by reason of their authority, able to adopt delaying tactics and generally to stultify the scheme—leaving the staff representatives with little they could do about it except to earn themselves notoriety as "agitators."

This, I submit, from my experience, is what is happening. At a guess, I would say that there are more petty martinets in the railway service than ever I found in the Forces; and most of our departmental heads seem permeated with the Churchillian theory that a fair settlement can only be arrived at if one party (their own, of course) holds all the power and dictates its own terms.

I know that this is a fallacy and that most of them belong to a dead past: but they don't know it yet; and they are a damnable nuisance in these first important stages of nationalisation.

I know many railwaymen who are not afraid to use the powers which Clause 95 put into their hands. But it's a long and exasperating struggle and it's questionable whether the railways can afford to waste that amount of time. FRANK FISHER

31 Pont Street, S.W.1.

SERVICE FOR PEACE

SIR,—I should like to support very strongly the appeal made for the work of the International Voluntary Service for Peace in your issue of July 1. When touring the earthquake-stricken area of Bihar in 1934 with Mahatma Gandhi and Rajendra Prasad, I recall the sensation caused by a cable from the late C. F. Andrews saying that Pierre Cercsole of the I.V.S.P. was on his way to help. Later he joined us. His arrival symbolised the "caring" of a world outside at a time when Indo-British tension was very acute. The work he did with his Unit remains vividly in India's memory, and when news came that another team was coming to help with rehabilitation work for refugees from the Punjab riots of 1947—it was warmly welcomed.

I was in Delhi when the six young workers arrived, and went to the Faridabad Camp to meet them. Though they had only been there a few hours, I found them hard at work in the blazing sun constructing a much-needed shelter for a dispensary, with refugee volunteers. You would have thought they had been there weeks, instead of hours—so much did they seem a part of this vast scheme of the Government of India to establish a modern township.

In a world darkened by the war news from Korea it is good to remember that quiet work for peace goes steadily on like the Faridabad adventure. It must not be hampered by lack of funds. I hope the chairman's appeal will get a good response from your readers. AGATHA HARRISON

2 Cranbourne Court, S.W.11.

INACCESSIBLE POETRY

SIR,—We consider that Mr. Montague Slater's imputation that "poetry is not accessible" to be quite without foundation. While we do not claim to be the "likeliest bookshop in Charing Cross Road" (since we might reasonably ask—likeliest for what?) we do consider that we give a service to book-buyers as efficient as any other bookseller in the area.

On the day that Mr. Slater set search for George Barker's *News of the World*, we were, as a matter of fact, without a copy in stock. We had sold our last copy the previous evening and were awaiting fresh supplies. It so happens we do remember someone asking for the volume in question on the Friday morning—it may indeed have been Mr. Slater himself—and explaining the circumstances to this customer: we offered to obtain a copy of the poems for him by tea-time that day.

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SIR,—The "well-known bookshop" in Museum Street certainly knew well in advance about George Barker's *News of the World*. It was offered to us by Faber and was rejected for, alas, purely economic reasons. We have a comparatively large stock of modern poetry bought, not for the ultimate benefit of our shareholders, but out of a sense of responsibility to the poets themselves and because we like poetry. George Barker seemed to us, in the few moments given to us to decide for or against, no longer to need our purely benevolent interest.

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BATLHAROS

SIR,—Owing to the article of December 17, 1949, and subsequent correspondence in your journal, we have greatly benefited in our service to God and humanity; and the interest and sympathy have brought us the means of putting up a much needed infectious diseases block. The sum raised stands at £1,100 and the Cape Administration will give us a like sum if they approve of the capital expenditure. We propose to name the block after your journal.

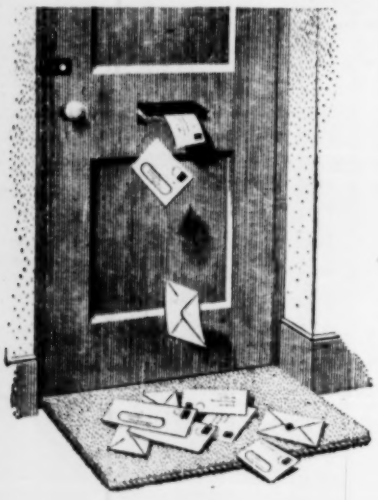
St. Michael's Hospital, IDA F. E. CORDON
Batlharos, P.B. Kuruman, C.P.

CORRECTION

A singularly unfortunate printers' error occurred in "So They Say" last week. The copy which we had before us read:—

"NO IT WON'T SPREAD," wrote Frank Owen reassuringly in the *Express*, before dashing off to Malaya, and the *Daily Mail* had an imaginative piece entitled ["If You Were in the Kremlin." The *Daily Worker* had a headline] SEOUL IS FREED, and a story reporting increased sales to people wanting "the other side of the story."

The words in square brackets were unfortunately dropped by the printer, and the omission passed the reader's eye because the sentence reads on as if nothing had happened



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DO CHAUFFEURS TALK T.I.?

Viewed from behind, chauffeurs seem taciturn. Seen from the side they prove to know a lot— which is why many passengers prefer the front seat. And talking to chauffeurs takes you straight to TI, since there's hardly a car on the road today which could do without its TI components. Some of these, like the axles and the steering column, are merely vital. Some, like bumpers, tubular seats or windscreen frames, are decidedly convenient. Some, like special enamels and fittings, make all the difference to looks . . . (Chauffeurs know a lot about traffic signs, too. So do TI. They make most of them.)

The letters TI mean Tube Investments Limited, of The Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (Trafalgar 3633). They also stand for the thirty producing companies of the co-ordinated TI group, makers of precision tubes, of bicycles and components, of wrought aluminium alloys, electrical appliances, pressure vessels, paints, road signs, metal furniture . . . and essential mechanical parts for a thousand and one things which everybody uses.

THE SURNAME OF A THOUSAND THINGS

Books in General

THE daily evil of the emigré is his isolation. He has lost the main ground of the moral life: that we do not live until we live in others. The temptations that face him are embittering to any man capable of reflection: he can live in the past; he can become an uprooted dilettante; he can cultivate, in the words of Heyst in Joseph Conrad's *Victory*, that "form of contempt called pity" which comes easily to the isolated man; he can regard anarchy as the ruling spirit in the world. Crime may come nearer to his fingers and, with less obstruction, to his imagination than it does to rooted people. In a world like our own, the invitations of the police, the secret agent, the revolutionary, the traitor, are very likely under one guise or another, to come his way. No doubt these extreme solicitations are evaded by most emigrés, who alleviate the sense of persecution by living in the past and keep their nostalgias and their rancours indoors; but, mild or extreme, they unite to force upon the isolated man his main addiction. He becomes pre-eminently a conscience.

Isolation and conscience are the dominant motifs in the novels of Joseph Conrad and, two of them especially, *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*, become more and more suggestive to the contemporary reader. They attract because they are free from that sudden fogginess, that enlarged bad temper which Conrad called Destiny, and from the melodrama or rhetoric, which play tricks with the lighting and climate of many of his ambitious works. They have the compactness, the efficiency of that peculiarly modern form of writing, the thriller with a bitter moral flavour. And they put a central modern question to ourselves—what is our attitude to treachery and other moral consequences of a belief in revolution?

Conrad's terms are out of date, of course, though not as seriously as might be thought. Anarchists do not throw bombs in London; in Russia, the tyrant is not assassinated. But the essentials of European history have not changed since the eighties of last century; what was talked about has simply come true. The revolutionary thug who has the fine art of bursting Razumov's ear drums in *Under Western Eyes* is an anthropoid forerunner of thousands who have gone one better than that in the police states. Conrad is a reactionary; for him the old despotism and the new Utopianism are complementary forms of moral anarchy. Their end is cynicism, more despotism, more destruction and to that opinion, some have now reluctantly come. But Conrad was a fixed reactionary; he had never tried to tack across the revolutionary tide; he hated the Russian revolution as a Pole who was already a generation away from current hatred; his hatred was glued into the past. The positive contribution of his political views is that they give our dilemmas of conscience the double precision of something seen in reverse. The weakness—let us get it over at once. Conrad's judgment is true and untrue, but what he said of Heyst in *Victory* points out the weakness:

> The young man learned to reflect, which is a destructive process, a reckoning of the cost. It is not the clear-sighted who lead the world. Great achievements are accomplished in a blessed warm mental fog.

Conrad is an exile. He is not committed except to pessimism. He is, for private and public reasons, tortured by the danger of becoming a moral dilettante. Because he is so excruciatingly aware of all the half shades of that case, he has his authority.

Razumov in *Under Western Eyes* is a sympathetic character. He is the recurring "lonely type" in Conrad's novels. Another Conradian theme, perhaps Slavonic and certainly Romantic: he has a "double" in Haldin, the student assassin. "In times of mental and political unrest," the Razumovs of the world keep "an instinctive hold on normal, practical everyday life. He was aware of the emotional tension of his time; he even responded to it in an indefinite way. But his main concern was with his work, his studies and with his own future." Not a prig, not a careerist, not dull; he is intelligent and sensitive. His worse fault is a bad temper which comes from one of Stendhal's definitions of misfortune: "Not having the evils of his time." The irrational driving force in him comes from loneliness; he is a bastard. Just when Razumov's good resolutions are ripe, Haldin the terrorist hides in his room and by the very contact, dooms Razumov to eternal political suspicion. There follows a scene in which Conrad's highest dramatic gifts as a novelist are brought, uncorrupted, into play: the picture of the student's room, Razumov's despairing journey through the snow at night to the inn to fetch the cab driver who will enable the exalted assassin to escape, Razumov's discovery that the man is dead drunk; and then the journey back in which, having failed, Razumov revolts against his unjust situation and his own quietism, changes his mind and betrays Haldin to the police.

Conrad wrote *Under Western Eyes* perhaps to bring a harder Western focus upon a theme of Dostoevsky. There is an evident Polish contempt for the lack of fixed positions in the Russian mind; or, at any rate, an ironical wonder at its readiness for cynicism. With brilliant ingenuity he caps scene after scene with its opposite. The exalted assassin is plainly sensitive about the "greatness" of his action. Razumov has acted from a sense of right and discovers even that will not be its own reward: exile alone is possible. Guilt (as always in Conrad) marks the drifter. Yet even exile is poisoned, not by remorse, but because the authorities can now force him to become a spy on the revolutionaries as the price of concealing his act. Razumov is obliged to take on the mind of a guilty man when, by his morality, he is innocent; in doing so, and by contact with Haldin's young sister in Geneva, he comes to see the innocent and honorable illusions that precede the turn to revolution. The inevitable Russian confession follows, not because he has changed his mind, but in order to secure moral freedom.

What is contemporary is the response to seediness, treachery, slackness and corruption. This response is the direct product of the last words of Heyst in *Victory*:

> Woe to the man whose heart has not learned while young to hope, to love—and to put his trust in life.

Conrad himself found a strong if not lasting interest in the order and discipline of life at sea, and his scorn is softened in *Under Western Eyes* by the attempt of one kind of Slav to understand another. In *The Secret Agent* there is no such emotional entanglement; his scorn, unrestrained, now becomes almost overpoweringly rich and pungent and his irony leaves nothing standing.

The masters of Conrad's day were Meredith and Stevenson and Conrad's book about the lazy agent-provocateur who gets his feeble-minded brother-in-law killed by mistake, shows the strong influence of these writers. *The Secret Agent* is a thriller, a very artificial form of writing which realism rarely redeems from its fundamental fantasy. No thriller can be believed and even when meaning and psychological ingredients are put into it, its people and events cannot really bear the weight. *The Secret Agent* begins with the incredible character of Vladimir, the absurd, highly-stylised intellectual plotter, and the artifice is at odds with the truly real and powerful elements in the book: the descriptions of London, the portraits of those perfect Londoners, Mrs. Verloc, her mother, and Steve. Outside of this warm, human centre Conrad is dangerously exhibitionist. Here conscience has its sardonic comedies and he seems superbly to be showing off his obsession with the dirtiness, the shabbiness of foolish or dishonoured minds:

> His descent into the street was like the descent into a slimy aquarium from which the water has been run off.

A detail like that—and Conrad is a master of image—describes a London street and defines the book. Verloc's birth control shop takes one down and down to the grubbiness of London's back streets and the pathetic vulgarities of cheap civilisation.

Conrad's genius was for picturesque discussion rather than for narrative—he was tortured, one is told, by the difficulties of invention—and what always impresses is his rummaging about, back and forth, in the lives of his characters. Verloc, the agent, is wonderful in his laziness, his dull humour, his amorousness, his commonplaceness and his injured vanity. It was a master stroke to make this destroyer respectable and to pounce upon the isolation—once more, the Conrad theme—in which this foolish member of the French letter trade lived. Towards the end, when the idiot Steve has been killed through Verloc's irresponsibility, it is wonderful that Verloc quite unblinkingly expects the tragedy to make no difference to his relations with his wife. After all, she has got *him!* The murder is not well done. It is in fact, too cleverly done, with an eye for all the effects and shows Conrad at his most self-conscious. The crime is in keeping with the contrived tone of the book, the general unsavoury sapience; but the author's irony is too much with us. Mrs. Verloc is as wonderful as the husband she kills. She is a simple, reserved woman, governed by the desire for security, living on two or three strong and usually concealed feelings. Her words, in the London way, rarely reveal what these are; in fact the way in which she talks off the beat of her feelings the whole time is well observed. But when she discovers that her husband is a monster, that he

is a worse monster because he does not realise it or does not see why *that* should upset his domestic bliss; when she realises he is a moral idiot and that his reply to grief is "Let her have her cry. I'll go to bed with her, that'll put her right," a terrifying woman rises up with a carving knife in her hand. Afterwards, it is perfect that she relapses into the simple resource of a feminine guile, so pathetically vain, that a crude crook can do her down as easy as winking.

Head, the police superintendent, is another sound portrait. The Assistant Commissioner belongs to the dubious higher moral reaches which thriller writers have a perennial fancy for: contact with crime and the police sows in them the desire to have everything taped: God comes to Scotland Yard. The Assistant Commissioner, one notices, has the now professional "sense of loneliness, of evil freedom," but is honest enough to find it "rather pleasant." (It is always, in Conrad, the small additional comment, that puts on the rounding and convincing touch.)

Conrad, the exile, the isolated man, was the master of any atmosphere. That comes at once to the sensibility of the emigré. Like the French novelists, like Meredith and Henry James, he moves in narrative from idea to idea, to the change in moral climate rather than from event to event. The first part of *Under Western Eyes* comes beautifully to a close on Councillor Milukin's short enquiry when Razumov says he is going to retire: "Where to?" Obviously there is nowhere. Conrad's novels are marked by such crucial sentences, which change a whole view of life. Conrad, the dilettante, takes the soul or the conscience, and tries them now in this position, now that; a new good means a new guilt. Heyst in *Victory* knows the reason: the son of a brilliant man who has seen through all human values, Heyst is a born exile in a world that shocks. His aim must be to avoid committal. But like the Captain in *The Secret Sharer* who has the runaway hidden in his cabin, Conrad also has the committed "double" in his life. This dichotomy provides the drama and the rich substance of his books.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE CAVES OF MINGULAY

The tide's returning shock
has sculptured on the cliff
a never-finished theme,

and carved upon the rock
a bas relief
of changing dream.

Tides of all the world
should print upon my will
the wisdom of their waves;

in me the seas are hurled
on formless stone; they thunder still
through empty and unsculptured caves.

GAVIN MAXWELL

APRIL DAY: BINSEY

Now the year's let loose; it skips like a feckless child,
ruffles our hair, rouses the trees, runs wild,
kisses the hills with sunlight, whips them with rain,
teases the grass in passing, gets lost in the lane.
Swollen with love the swans' wings quiver,
lyres swept by the wind on the swollen river.
Shadows of clouds and cantering horses race
over the drunken meadows where heaven and earth embrace.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

BEFORE THE STORM

Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919-1939. Second Series. Volume IV. 1932-3. Edited by E. L. WOODWARD and ROHAN BUTLER, assisted by MARGARET LAMBERT. *Stationery Office.* 25s.

The latest volume of Foreign Office documents is redeemed from unbroken tediousness only by nostalgic charm. The documents deal with the last days of peaceful, civilised Europe before the Brown flood. They reveal no secrets; express no policy; contain nothing of the slightest interest. All the same—what an agreeable world, when the worst one had to worry about was von Papen, that unfailing figure of comedy.

The documents cover two themes, which mix as ill as anchovy and jam sandwiches. Two chapters contain the reports of Rumbold, British Ambassador at Berlin, on domestic events in Germany from June, 1932, until the end of March, 1933—the period of Hitler's rise to power. These reports are sensible, detached, and a credit to their author. The editors claim that they give "an unequalled account" of the end of democracy in Germany. As a matter of fact, the account has been equalled many times, and surpassed occasionally—by a number of contemporary foreign correspondents and, later, by writers such as Heiden. There would be some purpose in reproducing these reports if we were given the Foreign Secretary's comments, or even evidence that he read them; but this is banned by editorial policy. As it is, their only purpose is to show that even a British diplomat observed events as competently as a newspaper reporter. It is a sad reflection on the standing of the British diplomatic service that this proof should be considered necessary.

The rest of the volume is devoted to the Disarmament Conference from July 23rd, 1932, until March 16th, 1933. Sole topic was the German demand for "equality of rights" and the endless attempts to square the circle which followed this demand. If Germany got equality, France would not be secure; if France got security, Germany would not have equality. There was really nothing more to be said, though in this volume four hundred pages are needed to say it. The British Government knew perfectly well that the only way out was to give France some British assurance of support, but "this at the moment could not be contemplated." Therefore they tried to devise a scheme which would look like equality to the Germans and like security to the French. In the words of Ramsay MacDonald, British Prime Minister: "Let them especially put their demands in such a way that Great Britain could say that she supported both sides, and let them thus be enabled to make a declaration which would calm Europe."

Compared to this verbal juggling, French policy had more sense, but it was just as much at a loss. The French would naturally not agree to German "equality of rights" at the Conference; this would be to recognise German mastery of Europe without a struggle. On the other hand, the French knew that, if the Germans did not get equality, they would withdraw from the Conference and repudiate the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. Thus, France was done for either way. The French went on making tardy concessions, which were too small to satisfy the Germans, in the hope that the British and the Americans would come to their senses before it was too late. There was perhaps some purpose in printing the documents in the present volume in order to show that this French hope would not be fulfilled. But all this has been known for years; and there is hardly a document which could not have been published the day it was written (as many of them were). The only interesting documents are the records of MacDonald's conversations at Geneva with foreign statesmen, especially with the French Prime Minister. These start the melancholy process which ended with the baiting of Daladier in the Anglo-French meetings before Munich. It is surely an absurdity of editorial policy that we are allowed to see these highly confidential conversations between Prime Ministers and yet are denied the private letters to and from the Foreign Secretary and the minutes of Foreign Office clerks. Certainly this confirms the current impression that British policy between the wars was made by Prime Ministers and not by the Foreign Office; perhaps the foreign office has no reason to regret this impression.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

A NOVELIST MANQUÉ

Thackeray: A Reconsideration. By J. Y. T. GREIG. *Oxford.* 12s. 6d.

"I do not hesitate to name Thackeray the first," wrote Trollope in the chapter on his contemporaries in the *Autobiography*. Professor Greig's judgment is very different: "a novelist *manqué*." Such has been the decline in Thackeray's reputation during the past seventy years. In his lifetime, and for three or four decades after, he divided the empire of Victorian fiction with Dickens, with whom he was always paired, as Ruskin was with Carlyle, Browning with Tennyson, and chalk with cheese. Mention the one, and the other's name came up automatically. Not, of course, that the differences between the two novelists were not plainly seen. Yet they appeared in some way complementary, so that if in Victorian criticism Dickens often seems the poor man's Thackeray, Thackeray is as often the rich man's Dickens. Well, Dickens remains, his stature greater than ever; the reputation of George Eliot, whom Trollope placed second to Thackeray, is second only to his; and Trollope's, though one may think it absurdly inflated, is at least the reflex of a real popularity. And Thackeray? As a novelist he receives practically no attention at all.

The sub-title of Professor Greig's book might suggest that here at last was an attempt to restore Thackeray to his former splendour. Not in the least. Professor Greig sets out to demonstrate with a cool, clinical thoroughness, just why Thackeray, for all his prodigious gifts as a writer, cannot be considered one of the great novelists. It must be admitted that the analysis is as devastating as it is remorseless, so devastating indeed that the immediate effect of the book on this reviewer was to send him back to the novels in the hope of finding ammunition to use in Thackeray's defence; not with any success, but rather with a new admiration for Professor Greig's fairness and moderation.

Professor Greig's book, which may perhaps be considered the first fruit of Professor Ray's great edition of the letters, is not a biography; Thackeray's life is studied only in so far as it throws light on his work, for it is the author's contention that the novelist "allowed his private life to dictate to him when he wrote fiction." In the past it has often been thought, mainly on the strength of the preface to *Pendennis* and some asides in *Vanity Fair*, that Thackeray was crippled by his age, that he was at heart a man of the eighteenth century who might have been another Fielding had he not been forced to submit to the dictates of Victorian morality. It is, perhaps, what Thackeray would have liked his readers to believe, and, as Bagehot said:

> No one can read Mr. Thackeray's writings without feeling that he is perpetually treading as close as he dare to the border-line that separates the world which may be described in books from the world which it is prohibited so to describe.

Yet the view that he was born out of his time is quite disproved by Professor Greig, even though he sometimes seems to share it. That his was a crippled talent is true; but for this the direct blame must not be placed on his age. The point in question is his treatment of women and the relation between the sexes. The women in Thackeray's novels are either good or bad; either Amelia Sedley or Becky Sharp, either Laura Bell or Blanche Amory, either Lady Castlewood or Beatrix. There can be no doubt which of the

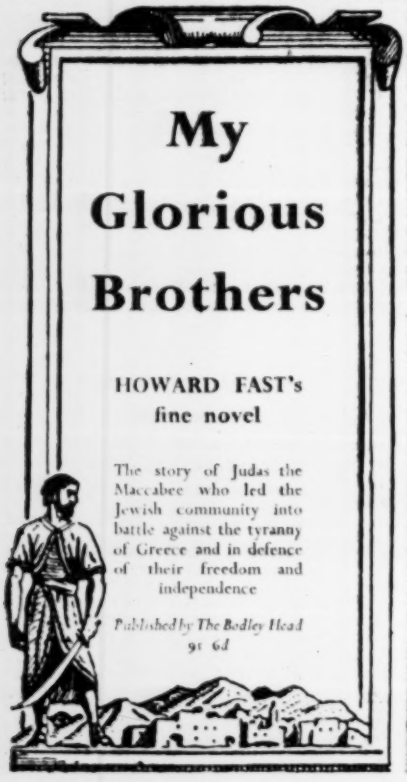
two kinds stimulated his imagination; it was on Becky, Blanche and Beatrix that his creative love was bestowed; they steal all the scenes in which they appear. Of the good women, Amelia and Mrs. Pendennis are portrayed quite frankly as stupid almost to the point of imbecility. Yet their stupidity and its consequences, their lives as "tender little parasites," though brilliantly exposed, is always condoned and even applauded. In the presence of good women, however stupid, Thackeray's satire is inhibited by his sentimentality; as Professor Greig shows, certain key-words, "mother," "child," "Jesus Christ," could be guaranteed to reduce Thackeray, in his novels at any rate, to tears as surely as Pavlov's dog salivated when the bell rang or one weeps when peeling an onion.

Professor Greig's explanation of this is impeccably orthodox, and none the less likely to be true because of this: when dealing with women, Thackeray was "dominated and controlled by his tutelary spirit, his mother," a fate intensified by the marriage that after four years was no marriage. There is even evidence, in his comment on Helen Pendennis's attitude towards Blanche Amory, "I have no doubt there is a sexual jealousy on the mother's part," that Thackeray was aware of something at any rate of the significance of his relationship with his mother. In any case, it meant that he was not master of a large area of his material. Here, it seems to me, Professor Greig proves his thesis brilliantly. Thackeray was essentially an autobiographical novelist; his own experiences provided him, very largely, with the sources of his work; how superbly he could use those experiences is shown in his descriptions of university and bohemian life in *Pendennis*, for instance. Then he writes as a free man. It is only when he comes up against the figure of the mother or its surrogates that he is in chains.

But there is further evidence for Professor Greig's view. He notes that the "purity" of Thackeray's heroes "is almost as obtrusive as King Charles's head in the compositions of Mr. Dick." That may be indicative of Thackeray's feelings of guilt not only towards his mother but to the insane wife to whom he remained faithful. What also needs stressing is that Thackeray's "bad" women, Becky and the others, though magnetic, do not strike the reader as being sexually magnetic. They are cold, even when beautiful, and the reader is never in any doubt of Beatrix Esmond's beauty. They are on the make socially, not sexually. And this means that the temptations that Thackeray's young men so triumphantly withstand are never very convincing as temptations. As an embodiment of sexual attraction, George Eliot's Hetty Sorrel is worth all Thackeray's young women put together, and it is her effect on Arthur Donnithorne that makes that character, on one side at any rate, a much more satisfying rendering of a young man than Arthur Pendennis ever is.

The question still remains, Why do we resent the sentimentality of Thackeray's treatment of love and woman as we do not Dickens's? We feel, I think, that Thackeray "ought to know better," whereas we accept Dickens as the untutored *naïf* of genius. But beyond this, there is the inadequacy of Thackeray's view of life even when the sentimentality is discounted. The world as Vanity Fair, the pursuit of the snob: how often, and how thoroughly, it has been analysed, criticised and exposed, by Bagehot, Whibley, Saintsbury and David Cecil. It has satisfied nobody, this amassing of "petty details," to quote Bagehot's tart words, "to prove that tenth-rate people were ever striving to be ninth-rate people"; it doesn't satisfy Professor Greig. Reading Thackeray's novels, with their underlying burden, "Whatever is, is right—alas!" one has the impression of their author as a man defeated by life. "He never felt secure," Professor Greig says. It would be fascinating to speculate, as Professor Greig scarcely does, on the origins of Thackeray's ambivalent attitude towards society, both with a large and with a small S. It was hardly the behaviour of a man who could take his own place in it for granted. Its origins, I suspect, are to be found in the fact that by birth he was an Anglo-Indian who came of Anglo-Indian families on both sides. To that extent he was an outsider, as the Anglo-Irish and the Jews were in nineteenth-century England; and perhaps he remained an outsider to the end

WALTER ALLEN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The Art of Botanical Illustration. By WILFRID BLUNT. *Collins.* 21s.

"The botanical artist," says Mr. Blunt, "finds himself at once and always in a dilemma: is he the servant of Science or of Art?" Mr. Blunt answers quite rightly, "of both." But the dilemma is surely new. Anyhow, the question could not or would not have arisen fifty years ago. Art allowed itself to be badly rattled by the camera; but in the event, even botanical art, which might have seemed most endangered, has survived. And now things seem to be settling down again, so that to-day one might, without being among the insensitively ignorant—and supposing one had the dollars—buy a flower-painting by Redouté rather than a flower-painting by Matisse.

But Redouté was of the eighteenth century. Could one buy instead, and with as much confidence, say a flower-painting by Matisse's contemporary, Reginald Farrer? In other words, Is flower-painting what it was? And the answer must be, Yes as to quality, but that the quantity is much less. And unfortunately, Mr. Blunt would not allow Farrer; for his book's only defect, almost, is that he gives two pages and a plate to the chocolate-box triviality of Henry Moon and never so much as mentions that Farrer painted flowers—let alone that he was probably the best botanical artist of this century. Alas that Mr. Blunt cannot, it appears, get past what he calls the technicolour trickery of Farrer's prose style.

Meantime, in Mr. Blunt's long perspective, such a criticism is of no great importance. He has written a fascinating and a learned history—from the oldest known florilegium, an Egyptian bas-relief of the fifteenth century B.C., to the elegant Fungi of Miss Rose Ellenby's latest *Pengum*. So far as England is concerned, the great age of flower-painting began in the eighteenth century when, as Mr. Blunt puts it, "the Linnean system of classification had converted botany into a parlour game for any young lady who could count up to twelve"; and it continued for as long as leisure lasted—till the end of the Victorian era, or till Women's Suffrage became a serious question, even till the first world war.

And, setting aside the great names—the whole family of the Sowerbys, the various Curtises, Mrs. Withers, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Roscoe—with what grace and accuracy did our grandmothers and great-grandmothers employ "the slight botanic pencil's mimic power." They were not great artists, as anyone can tell, turning over their album pages. They painted flowers—elaborately, round a carte-de-visite photograph or a daguerreotype—because they had nothing better to do. Nor can one, for the most part, imagine anything better. And besides, they really looked at flowers and loved them. "A great botanical artist must have a passion for flowers," Mr. Blunt says. For our grandmothers and great-aunts, love was quite enough.

Nor was it only a period of illustrated books and painted albums. Floral tea-sets and dessert-services were turned out — notably at the Cambrian pottery in Swansea from designs by that odd botanical potter Lewis Weston Dillwyn, F.R.S., and his wife—which at their best were objects of unrivalled beauty and botanical accuracy. One could wish that Mr. Blunt had said rather more about ceramics. He does, on the other hand, mention the Mintorn brothers who, to Queen Victoria's deception, modelled flowers in wax, but he says nothing of the Cork masons, the O'Shea brothers, whose flowers carved in stone delighted Ruskin.

Indeed, one wishes that this book, the most unconventional of the "New Naturalist" series, and a pioneer work in its particular field, could have been about twice the size it is—for one can safely bet that any omissions are due to lack of space, not lack of knowledge. Mr. Blunt carries his learning lightly and has chosen his plates, 47 of them in colour, almost impeccably.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

FROM PRODUCER TO CONSUMER

The Distribution of Consumer Goods. By JAMES B. JEFFERYS. *Cambridge University Press.* 35s.

It is a safe prediction that the biggest domestic issue determining the result of the next general election will be the cost of living; and since the Labour Party, by tradition and outlook, stands predominantly for the interests of producers, it is a fair presumption that the present Government's election programme will promise measures to check the rise in retail prices by narrowing the gap between what the producer receives and what the customer saves. The middleman is a figure in the national economy against whom it is easy to mobilise antagonism; and among millions of voters who would probably oppose any plan to nationalise distribution, the impression undoubtedly prevails that the various components of "the market"—commission salesmen, wholesalers, shopkeepers and barrow-boys—are managing to absorb an undue proportion of the cash which leaves the consumer's pocket.

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whose price appears to double or treble itself on the journey from producer to consumer. What the intelligent voter needs, but has so far lacked, is adequately comprehensive evidence of the true figures of distribution costs over the widest possible field. Towards filling that gap in our statistical knowledge Mr. Jefferys and his aides, working under the auspices of the National Institute of Economic and Social Research, have made a most valuable contribution.

Their enquiry, which covers nearly £2,600 millions out of the £2,800 millions spent privately on consumer's goods in 1938, analyses, first, the methods by which different groups of commodities are distributed; next, the structure of the distributive trades and the proportion of total sales effected by different types of retail outlay—unit shops, department stores, branch multiples and Co-ops.; and finally, the costs, at various stages, of distributing the main groups of goods. In brief summary, the conclusions are reached that in 1938, of all consumer goods sold in Britain, excluding on-licence sales of alcoholic drinks, about 4 per cent were sold direct from producer to consumer (e.g., by mail order), 53 per cent passed directly from producer to retailer, while 43 per cent was handled by one or more wholesalers on the way from factory (or importer) to the retail shops. Altogether, there were 48,000 wholesalers (of whom 20,000 also did some retail business) and about 750,000 shops and 100,000 stalls and barrows. Unit shops and barrows together handled about 62 per cent of total retail sales, the remainder being attributable to multiples, Co-ops. and department stores (34 per cent) or to producer-retailers (4 per cent.) The cost of distribution of all finished consumer goods in 1938 is put at 38 per cent of their retail value—apportioned as follows: producer 6 per cent; wholesaler 5 per cent; retailer 27 per cent.

So much for the general conclusions, which are broadly in line with those previously reached —e.g., by the Fabian Society and Mr. Henry Smith. On the assumption that the situation has not radically changed since 1938, they support a case, not so much against the wholesaler, as against the retailer, whose margins (34 per cent in the case of clothing as compared with 24 per cent in that of foodstuffs) seem, on the face of it, to be high. Average figures, however, do not tell the full story; and Mr. Jefferys' monograph has the great merit of containing detailed case histories of separate commodities. These prompt many questions highly relevant to the possibility of State intervention in distribution. Why, for instance, are the distribution costs of margarine 36-39 per cent of the retail price, against 20-21 per cent in the case of butter? How justify the apparently extravagant costs borne by chemists' goods? Does the "perishability and waste" factor really warrant 44-47 per cent costs in the case of fruit and vegetables? Is it impossible to devise for fish (distribution costs 46-49 per cent) a marketing system more economical than that represented by a structure of 12,000 retail shops and over 3,000 wholesalers, with nearly half the landed fish passing through four hands before it reaches the shopper? In some cases—e.g. milk and newspapers—distribution costs are bound to be high; but in many categories of goods this book confirms the impression that they are excessively high and could be lowered.

What is wrong with distribution? An unnecessarily large number of retail outlets, inefficient methods, or excessive profits? On all these questions more light is needed and will, it is to be hoped, eventually be thrown by the Census of Distribution. There is considerable evidence that in this country there was a progressive rise in distribution costs during the inter-war period, and that the increase here exceeded that in the United States. Whether we are to-day endeavouring to carry a system of distribution more costly than the national economy can afford is a question which Mr. Jefferys' book, within its prescribed limits, does not pretend to answer, but it is an invaluable new quarry in which students of the problem can dig for facts.

AYLMER VALLANCE

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NEW NOVELS

Pirates at Play. By VIOLET TREFUSIS. *Michael Joseph.* 9s. 6d.

A Source of Embarrassment. By MARY MCCARTHY. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

The Price is Right. By JEROME WEIDMAN. *Hammond, Hammond.* 10s. 6d.

Promises. By FRANCIS SCARFE. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

The "silver fork" novel, so much a feature of nineteenth-century fiction, passed out of fashion with the Edwardian way of life, but it relives in the hands of Mrs. Trefusis. In *Pirates at Play* the same sort of characters decorate the same sort of settings—drawing-rooms that are *bien*, others a gulf away that are not, servants' halls and nurseries. Mrs. Trefusis sets her comedy in the Twenties. Lord and Lady Canterdown send their lovely daughter, Liza, to Florence to learn Italian. But is the family of the Pope's dentist a fortunate choice? Father and mother are hardly *sortable*, while the children, four handsome dandyish boys, a beautiful girl and a hunchback, might seem exotic companions for an English rose. However Liza soon grows to love the Papagallis almost as much as they love her. The boys' hearts break when she becomes engaged to a silky Florentine playboy; they break again when their sister, Valka, leaves them to marry Liza's brother. But neither match prospers. The misty English countryside chills poor Valka in body and spirit. She returns to Italy and relieves Liza of her playboy. Liza meanwhile goes back to her first love, a shaggy contributor to left-wing reviews.

"This novel has no message," the blurb is at pains to disclaim, "it is not about the war, or the poor, or the displaced or the neurotic. The characters have no despair to boast of, nor have they ever heard of *Angst* . . . of Kafka or Sartre." No, if any contemporary writers are reflected in these pages, they are Compton Mackenzie and Sir Osbert Sitwell. Mrs. Trefusis's images in particular, have a Sitwellian flavour: "the ferocious day striped black and white like a zebra." Elsewhere we catch an echo of Firbank: "the bells had begun their evening pounding. As usual the day would be beaten to death." If only her hand were always as light! And then why spoil the dinner-party scene by announcing, "in order to give a collective impression of the dinner, a specimen of each individual dialogue must, as accurately as possible be submitted"? Such Teutonic thoroughness defeats its own ends. Why, we are even provided with a diagram of the

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seating. The satire, frequently shrewd and telling, as frequently misses. One feels that Mrs. Trefusis takes too seriously the standards of life at which she would have us laugh. Perhaps in reality she is too much part of this world. Like the Nanny at Canterdown, she seems symbolical of a certain aspect of English life, the most endearing, perhaps the most enduring. She stands for the England that curtsied and did not cringe." But one can relax and enjoy her surface brilliance, even if at times the texture gets a bit woolly, and we seem to be looking at a tapestry from the back.

Like Mrs. Trefusis, Miss McCarthy aims to divert. Is there not a similar note of anxiety in their respective disclaimers? "No Kafka gloom, no sad childhoods, no fatigue," promised *Horizon*, when they first published *A Source of Embarrassment* (under the title *The Oasis*). Yet somehow, for all its bright writing, this *jeu d'esprit* ends by depressing. Miss McCarthy packs a band of some fifty intellectuals off to lead the simple life in a backwoods Utopia. From the beginning the party is divided into two factions, the realists and the purists. Their ideas grate; they part; they come together. But the failure of this American Utopia is inevitable.

> The thing is meant to be a landscape with figures [wrote Miss McCarthy in *Horizon*], the figures being treated realistically, in a sort of Piero della Francesca manner and the landscape being, on the one hand, an idyllic Nature, and, on the other, a strange political climate of the real which they fantastically inhabit.

But where is the miraculous depth of Piero or the rotundity? Miss McCarthy has rather nailed up a row of flat caricatures or *humours*, as Mr. Forster reminds us they were once called, "constructed round a single idea or quality." The ideas which the author has tied to her figures are more or less stimulating, if never very profound. But this is obviously a *roman à clef* and too few of the personalities are recognisable. Too many remain parochial jokes which will be incomprehensible to those ignorant of the little world Miss McCarthy berates. This is certainly our loss, for Miss McCarthy is a sharp and clever writer, as anyone who has read her excellent dramatic criticisms in *Partisan Review* will have discovered.

Mr. Weidman's picture of life in an American news syndicate is also, one imagines, a satire; reality could not be quite so repulsive. Henry Cade, hero of *The Price is Right*, is represented as being "a little more intelligent and a little more sensitive," as entering "the arena with a little more decency," than any of his colleagues. Yet he seems every bit as unscrupulous, cunning and immoral. His job is to nurse his syndicate's best asset, a moronic but vastly successful strip cartoonist, called Buzz Wapping. When Wapping walks out, Cade is lucky enough to discover a replacement in a cowman, Wally Pohl, who contributes to a provincial paper a rugged column of homespun philosophy. Overnight this new feature, "Pohl's Apart," becomes a sensation. Cade signs up the asset he has discovered behind his firm's back and thereby squeezes a partnership out of them. Worse, he cuckolds his boss and betrays the secretary-mistress he has promised to marry. But intrigue overtakes this paragon. Both women move out of his life, while the literary cowman comes to a violent end in a bullpen. This hideous glimpse of an unfamiliar world is all too vivid. It could have been a ferocious indictment, had Mr. Weidman bothered to give his story a little more cohesion, had he lapsed less into the cliché-ridden jargon of a magazine hack. Ernest Hemingway assures us that this author writes "just a little better than anybody that's around." But pages of narrative as scheduled as a dossier in no way confirm this estimate. The following is typical:

> A month later Dick Schwimmer resigned from Huntziger and LeClerque to accept a commission in I. & E., and when Henry graduated from OTC Dick was already a lieutenant-colonel in charge of an orientation booklet programme in Washington. . . .

Mr. Scarfe's first novel, the chronicle of a boy's life from nine to sixteen, is a sort of *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* done in bright sweet colours. Young "Coco" Nutt, the hero of *Promises*, comes of a poor sea-captain's family in Newcastle. Father is dead and mother can no longer look after him, so he is sent to the Mariners' Orphan Asylum. And it is the earlier pages describing this miserable institution (Joycean though they are) which are the best. In them one finds plenty of the clarity, innocence and realism which are the right qualities for a child's eye. But where the Irishman parodied and preached, Mr. Scarfe inclines to whimsey. At times his *faux naiveté* is too insistent, for example in his choice of names: Miss Fuss, Mr. Chew, Mr. Bundle, Miss Twee, Shunk and so on. As Coco grows up many of these faults disappear, but so do the qualities with them. The author flounders as soon as he has to take the problems of this young life seriously. When Coco tries his hand at poetry Mr. Scarfe can still cope. But when Coco is inducted into modern painting—"I like you to try a little cubism," counsels the French drawing-master, "it will help you much to strengthen your sense of shape and composition"—and when Coco tastes romance, the tale flags.

JOHN RICHARDSON

SOUTH AFRICA

Twilight in South Africa. By HENRY GIBBS. *Jarrolds.* 15*s.*

Seretse Khama. By JULIAN MOCKFORD. *Staples Press.* 12*s* 6*d.*

The former of these books is a description of the author's experiences in South Africa during a three months' visit, together with a commentary on what he saw and heard. He went to learn, and he succeeded so thoroughly that his work gives the completest general picture of South Africa now available. The descriptive part of the book makes one see and feel and even smell South Africa. Most is finely written, though occasionally there are dull patches and personal recitals of no significance. The total effect is to present South Africa as vividly as any film, so that its political problems become intensely real and urgently close.

Two problems stand out. The first is the impossibility of any solution of the racial issue by the Malan Government's policy of *apartheid*. The African people now exist under three conditions. First, they are herded in reserves, where housing, health, education and economic possibilities are appalling, but where at least the old sanctions of their tribal life produce some social discipline. Second, men employed under contract in the mines are segregated for long periods in compounds, whose social exclusion makes them little more than prisons. Third, there are outcast communities on the outskirts of the towns, rows of primitive shacks made from boxes, corrugated iron, old clothes, where discipline has gone, where men spend the wages they have earned in drink, where women exist by prostitution, but which nevertheless represent a protest against both reserves and compounds, a striving for European social freedom and civilisation. Malan's *apartheid* will limit the African population to the reserves and compounds. It deliberately excludes them from any advance towards civilisation. The reserves will remain on a primitive level, because it is laid down that they shall be no financial burden on the European community, not even for education. In other words, the Africans are to be shut off from human progress.

The second problem arises from the political philosophy of the Malan Government. It is as close to Fascism as that of the Franco Government in Spain. Malan himself said during the war that 85 per cent of the policy of his party was similar to that of Hitler's New Order (Stellenbosch, March 25th, 1941). South Africa under Malan may remain within the Commonwealth so long as our main emphasis in foreign affairs is anti-Communism. But there is no identity whatsoever with the "British way of life."

Julian Mockford's book on Seretse, although it is not much more than a popular presentation of the man and his background, starts one thinking on lines which may provide Britain's contribution to the solution of South Africa's problems. If within the British Protectorates we can create the conditions for African advance, plans of economic development, education, and social progress, accompanied by racial equality between Black and White, we may give such an example of the better way that even the prejudices and privileges of the South African Union will finally be broken down.

FENNER BROCKWAY

POE ANALYSED

The Life and Works of Edgar Allan Poe: a Psycho-analytic Interpretation. By MARIE BONAPARTE. Foreword by SIGMOND FREUD. *Imago.* 35*s.*

"Why do some persons fatigue themselves in attempts to unravel such fantasy-pieces as the *Lady of Shalott*? As well unweave the *tenius textilis*." So wrote Poe in a marginal comment on Tennyson. His own "fantasy-pieces" have, for the past hundred years, been uniquely influential. Half the myths of the present epoch seem to derive from Poe. Every thriller and detective story owes something to his lurid imagination. Why is this? And can we gain by "unravelling" it?

Perhaps the secret of the spell which Poe casts is that he can summon up his dream or nightmare from the deepest levels and clothe it in specious matter-of-factness. He admired in Defoe his "potent magic of verisimilitude" and, although a very different kind of writer, he did achieve a quasi-realistic effect in, for example, *The Gold Bug* and *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*. On the plane of external events, however, he does not compare as a realist with

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Stevenson, Conan Doyle or even Rider Haggard. It is the realism of the unconscious in which he excels. The analytical content of his stories is of historical importance, not so much because of light they shed on his own pathology, but because they help to explain some very persistent cultural *idées fixes*.

In a recent essay in the *Hudson Review*, T. S. Eliot has written that "the work of Poe is such as I should expect of a man of very exceptional mind and sensibility, whose emotional development has been in some respect arrested at an early age." He is not, he says, "concerned with any possible psychological or pathological explanation" of this peculiar quality in Poe, but it is just this explanation which is offered by Marie Bonaparte in the work under review, surely the most voluminous and painstaking Freudian analysis yet published of any literary figure. Poe was a rewarding choice for such a study. It has been carried out with discretion and with an insight that extends beyond the special viewpoint that one would expect from an author whom Freud calls his "friend and pupil."

The general reader may wish that the book had given more of the American background and that Poe had been more clearly related to the social and cultural context. One would also have liked more about the literary *ambiance* so as to form a more accurate idea as to which elements are pure Poe and which were generally diffused at the time. There is room for a complete history of the effect which Poe's ideas and images have exerted since his death. The influence on Baudelaire is described, but Mallarmé and Valéry are not mentioned. But the task attempted by Marie Bonaparte in her 750 pages of analysis is in the main directly analytical and, taken as such, it is a brilliant performance. For, as Freud says in his foreword, "Investigations such as this do not claim to explain creative genius, but they do reveal the factors which awaken it and the sort of subject matter it is destined to choose."

Poe was in his fourth year when his childishly beautiful actress mother died of consumption. To the end of his days he was haunted by the "lost Ulalume" and under this compulsion, which seems to have prevented him from ever having normal relations with a woman, he married his little consumptive cousin, Virginia, when she was only thirteen. The strain of this marriage, combined with material hardship, drove him to alcohol and opium and also to "the ink, with which he eternalised on paper, in his fine careful hand, the fearsome but comforting 'imagos' which at times gave him respite from grief." So marked is the necrophilous vein in his literary work that it had been noted before the present study. The significance of such details as, shall we say, the orang-outang stuffing the daughter's corpse up the chimney in the *Rue Morgue*, was not so apparent and readers unused to this type of explanation may find it hard to swallow. Many educated people now take genital symbolism for granted, but the nature and origin of sadistic aggression is by no means part of ordinary general knowledge.

The nineteenth century was one of fearful conflict between instinctual tendencies which were only gradually recognised as natural and valuable, and repressive influences which were often brought to bear in the name of religion, reason and refinement. Large strata of western society began to move towards a more exacting standard, both physical and psychological, in the relations of men and women and of parents and children. But the attempt to impose "ideal" standards on human animality was bound to bring misery and even madness to many sensitive people. Only by a gradual re-establishment of equilibrium could civilisation be assured. There were many saints and martyrs in the nineteenth-century struggle, not least those creative writers like Poe, who in their lives and works embodied, even when they did not know it, some special aspect of the conflict which sooner or later had to be faced.

CHARLES MADGE

CALLING BARTONIANS

The Inside Story of Dick Barton. By GEOFFREY WEBB, edited by NEIL TUSON. *Convoy Publications.* 6*s.*

"It was a mild but cloudy day, and at five in the afternoon, when Dick arrived, rain had just begun to fall." This simple item in the Barton Dossier is based on Air Ministry information that the day of the nativity was "mild for the time of year; maximum temperature 52 degs., minimum 43 degs.; no sunshine. Latter part of the day, .22 inches of rain." It is also typical of the beaver-like thoroughness with which the legend of Dick Barton has been constructed under the jealous scrutiny of a million fans and fault-finders; the Barton scripts are the work of a team, and they must not differ on details.

He was nearly christened Bill Barton. Fortunately Mr. Norman Collins "thought the name too alliterative and took the problem with him when he went on holiday in 1946." Mr. Collins was not Head of the Light Programme for nothing; he came back "with renewed vigour and the name Dick. That settled it."

The Barton signature tune had a similarly momentous conception:

> "When I found the Gallop" (the *Devil's Gallop*, by Charles Williams—Chappell's Mood Music Series) "and heard that drum roll I could hardly believe my ears," Tuson recalls. "I lit a cigarette and relaxed. I felt that life might have its snags, but at least I'd found what I wanted."

Dick Barton, says Mr. Geoffrey Webb simply, was broadcast in the Light Programme for the first time at 6.45 p.m. on Monday, October 7th, 1946.

Then began the sniping that was to mould his character, the story of which is like a quarter of an hour of "This England." The *Daily Worker* got in first:

> The Light Programme has launched a real dud . . . the faithful Snowy and Jock are fine ex-Service types who know their place as set out in King's Regulations and invariably call their Captain "sir" . . . Mrs Horrock is a Tory working woman with a heart of gold and worthy views on foreigners . . . All conveying the standards our King and Empire need from the rising generation.

Then the first of many letters in *The Times*: "The poor children grow more concerned from day to day about what Dick Barton and others may do next than about their own futures or the future of England." The British Guiana newspaper complained that anyone listening to the programme got the impression that the River Essequibo was full of drowned thugs, the British Social Hygiene Council said Barton was ruining school essays, school medical officers said he kept young children from going to bed, probation officers said he led children into crime, headmistresses urged parents to switch him off, Chief Constables gratefully featured him as the new Machiavelli in their annual reports, Mr. Raymond Blackburn, M.P., asked the P.M.G. to have a word with Sir William Haley about children re-enacting the adventures after lights-out ("pandemonium upstairs"), and a thirteen-year-old citizen of Bath got up from the wireless and went for his father with a carving-knife. Dick Barton had arrived.

From that point skilful grooming by the script-writers took him back to hazel-eyed, clean-limbed moral perfection through stages which, a few years ago, could have been expressed as *Chips—Union Jack—Boys' Friend—Chums—Captain—Boys' Own Paper*. To-day, teetotal, non-swearing, chivalrous, truthful, sexless, non-political, scornful of any weapon save the clean sock on the jaw (to be used, moreover, only when hopelessly outnumbered), Barton is the creation of that portion of public opinion which makes the loudest moral noises. His undiscriminating supporters range from Mr. Herbert Morrison, who begs visitors to shut up for 15 minutes at 6.45, to the small Norwich girl who wrote to Jock:

> When I play houses with my sister and a little boy who pretends he's a lady, my sister has Snowy, the little boy has Dick, and I have you as our husbands.

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Thousands of letters denouncing the smallest technical errors have frightened the script-writing team into new dangers of excessive caution:

> The heroine has been captured and taken to the house of the villain, who is just about to shoot her. Dick is outside and he is not holding a warrant for the villain's arrest. *If he barges in to save her he is housebreaking.* If he slinks quietly away he is no Galahad.

Oh, why didn't they look up "housebreaking" (the italics are mine)? And how dare they bring up our children to believe that no one may break down doors to save our lives? Again, in the specimen script:

> Crash of glass as they jump through the window. Justifiable grounds for immediate entry. Dick, like any ordinary citizen, is empowered to arrest anyone who has committed a felony. Smith has "stolen" Mary and Jones.

But the kidnapping of Mary and Mr. Jones was no felony. Someone must have told the anxious team that it was, and no Bartonian has ever written to bowl him out. I denounce him.

C. H. ROLPH

Eldos. *Newman Wolsey. 7s. 6d.*

This is the first number of a new magazine of painting, sculpture and design which, as the editorial says in rather too many words, will take in the art of all periods and countries without distinction between ancient and modern and will seek, through its articles and its layout, to "reintroduce a sense of form in the fullest sense of the world." Manifestos, however quiet, do not create or support a magazine; success comes from that subtle interfusion of perceptions and skills which makes a good editor. And while we welcome almost any addition to the small number of English art periodicals, it must be said that in this first issue at least, the editing is not very shrewd. Is it perceptive to use 8 out of 47 text pages and 9 out of 30 plates for the reproduction of landscapes by Constable easily accessible in one book or another, and should not book reviews, if they are to appear in a journal of this character, be less perfunctory than most of those published?

Two of the chief articles, Miles Burkitt's on the art of the Old Stone Age, and Miss Mollie Harrison's on the Museums and Visual education, would have benefited from sub-editing. The substance of this issue though is in Herbert Read's examination of the question, "why realism and abstraction should exist side by side (in modern art) and what justification for this is to be found in the social conditions of our time," and in an abridged reprint of Professor Wittkower's inaugural lecture at London University. This was entitled *The Artist and the Liberal Arts* and is a most lucid account of the changing relations between the artist and the disciplines of pure knowledge. Amid the calm of these pages Douglas Cooper raises, not so much the wind, as a draught of sour air in a review of the Institute of Contemporary Arts' show *London-Paris* — a review in which some artists, who at least deserve more than to have rude words scrawled over their work, have been tossed into the silly rough-and-tumble of art politics.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,063

Set by T. C. Worsley

Dr. Edith Summerskill is reported as having said in a week-end speech that "teachers must instruct small boys . . . that fighting with their fists was uncivilised." The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a novel of school life at a time when the Summerskill code was being introduced. Limit 200 words. Entries by July 25th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,060

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for an epigram in *either* the Greek *or* the Chinese manner on the life and death of any one of the following: a games player, a civil servant, a novelist, a headmaster. Limit eight lines.

Report by Richard Lister

The civil servant was much the most frequently attempted subject: the games player the least. The Chinese manner outnumbered the Greek by about 200 to 10: of the latter some were not merely in the Greek manner, they were in the Greek language, three of these from Eton. I applaud the spirit in which they were offered, but must frankly confess that though, after eighteen years devoted to the language, I can just about puzzle out the meaning with the help of the cribs thoughtfully supplied, I can no longer remember the rules of scansion, and so cannot adjudicate on them. I take refuge behind a strict interpretation of "in the Greek manner" (despairingly asking myself where I should have been if the opposing faction had sent in their contributions in Chinese). But I thank A. E. Wadman, D. M. Low, Charles Race, Robert Fearnley-Whittingstall, M. W. Rosskill and J. B. B. Aris for reminding me of now forgotten skills. A guinea each to the epigrams asterisked.

CIVIL SERVANTS

* Raising his eyes neither to snowfall nor plum blossom
Summer and winter became alike for him;
Eschewing all pleasure but the fragrance of tea
He sat conscientiously year after year,
Weighing the relative merits of Tzu and Pu Tzu †
And when death came at the end of a tranquil life
He hardly noticed a difference.

† Yes and No (lit. 'Yes' and 'not-Yes').

SU SAN

Carpets were the delight of Ling Po.
As a child he crawled on one;
He stood on another to be rebuked in youth;
A magnificent carpet was the symbol of his high office;
A worn one comforted his retirement.
Yet in none of them
Did he see the pattern. LAKON

He was in his way an artist,
Denied himself the fruits of Life
That others might have them,
Provided they could fulfil
His sense of form. VICTOR MENZIES

Beneath this marble lies one for long assiduous in the exploration of avenues.
Let us pray that this stone at least be left unturned . . .

D. P. DEAN

* After passing numerous literary examinations
This official was graciously permitted to copy rescripts,
Until he became senior enough to compose them.
Quiet, quiet the tenor of his days;
Still, still the conduct of his life
Devoted to the practice of the five unobtrusive virtues.
I have forgotten his name: but he loved music,
And his little granddaughter made the soup for his last illness. R. J. P. HEWISON

A ruling typical of X's brain
To save the cost of twenty yards of drain
Condemned us to inhabit at Tregorth
A mess with all the windows facing north.

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PERSONAL

STUDENT or other seeking congenial task July/Sept. for accommodation and board, welcomed by Cambridge grad. and wife to help repair/decorate interesting old house, small E. Anglian yachting town. Box 7635.

ADVERTISER seeking accommodation for elderly relative wishes contact others similarly placed view joint solution of pressing problem. Box 7674.

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DUTCHWOMAN (nurse) wishes to live au pair few months from September. Write Stadionkade 108, Amsterdam.

LADY teacher, 21, skg. post pref. abroad, summer vacation, with children or as companion. Suggestions considered. Box 7759.

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PERSONAL—continued

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Dying, he disallowed old Charon's fee
(See A.C.I. 16 of '43)
And *swam* the Styx; then gave his heart and soul
To cutting down expenditure on coal.
J. P. STEVENSON.

A Government-ox yoked to a Government cart:
assured deportment saw him through Departments.
He confused the pleasure of Principals for the requirements of high principles.
Latterly his †*wei* and decorum earnt him a purple decoration.
White-haired, he no longer stoops over forms, having nothing but his own stooping form,
And studies the minute which will last him an eternity.
A happy man: he never had a sense of time and really loved his garden earth above the dust of his office.

† Lagerstraemia—this plant was grown in the Grand Secretariat. It was called "a hundred red bands" (or tape) and "afraid of being tickled."
L. SILBERMAN

He was placed high in the Public Examinations,
Produced a scholarly edition of a minor classic
And won prizes in the weekly literary contests.
Yet in the performance of his official duties
Seemed not always aware
That he was no longer living under the Ch'ing dynasty.
H.J.R.

* On his desk the tea grows cold:
The ink in his pen is dry.
In vain the scarlet tape awaits its unwinding;
And the sonnet on which he was engaged
Lies here but half-completed;
For he whom we mourn has been passed to his ancestors
For comment and appropriate action;
And there will be no return.
ALLAN M. LAING

NOVELISTS.

* Volume on volume appeared, and he made a fortune in fiction.
Who down there shall compose Truth's unequivocal blurb?
GUY KENDALL

O paradoxical man, who peopled our minds with immortals,
They, the created, abide; you, the creator, depart:
L.E.J.

The story-teller by means of painted characters on silk
When alive did not lack for companions who said archly:
"Do not, we pray, use us as characters in one of Your Panels."
Now dead, he is not alone.
For in the afterworld he has the companionship of his
Characters which, said the critics were, in the first sense illegible
And, in the second, lifeless.
J.F.P.

A HEADMASTER.

* He spent his days teaching the classics
To the sons of grocers and funeral undertakers;
Not so much to elevate their minds
As to make them good citizens and gentlemen.
Whether he was successful is not related;
But, when he died,
His likeness was printed in the school magazine,
And a respectful obituary appeared in the better kind of newspaper.
ROBERT MURRAY

GAMES PLAYERS

Hating, one would infer, all spherical objects,
He propelled them with precipitate violence
And an accuracy that surprised
In view of the inappropriate implements
To which he resorted.
After many years
This globe has retaliated
By dismissing *him*.
LESLIE JOHNSON

* This tasselled cap—
The aspiration of his boyhood.
The pride of his youth
The boast of his manhood,
Was hung here by Alexis

When the recital of his exploits
In defending his country's honour
Became tedious to his friends.
LAKON

Company Meeting

SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

Sir Herbert Morgan's Speech

THE twenty-first ordinary general meeting of Smith's Potato Crisps (1929), Limited, was held on Monday, July 10, in London.

Sir Herbert E. Morgan, K.B.E. (the chairman), said that the net profit of the company amounted to £88,703, as against £81,236, while the group net profit amounted to £97,767 as against £91,116. That showed steady progress; the business was travelling on the even keel it had for the past 21 years. The directors recommended the usual final dividend of 20 per cent., with a cash bonus of 5 per cent., making with the interim dividend a total of 32½ per cent.

The demand for Smith's Potato Crisps was insistent and continued to increase unabated. It was their great regret that a serious limitation on supplies of some of the materials they regarded as essential to the quality of the product made it impossible to meet that demand under present conditions. They steadfastly refused inferior substitutes. Under no circumstances would they foresake quality for quantity. Quality was the keystone upon which the unique business had been built and so would it always be maintained. Nevertheless, they as a company, naturally looked forward to the day, not too distant, they hoped, when they could supply everybody's requirements.

Touching upon some of the reasons for the popularity of their Crisps, the chairman said that Smith's Potato Crisps could be eaten hot or cold and served with any meal, saving trouble and labour to the housewife, a factor of great importance in these days of shortage of domestic help. Particularly those who lived in flats and small houses found great advantage in having a supply of this ready-prepared nourishing food handy, as did all households. Further, the development of the snack and cocktail habit and the supply of food with drink in practically every licensed house in the country added to the Crisp habit. There was also an increase, largely through motoring, cycling and hiking, of picnicking and the seaside meal, where Smith's were always welcome.

Their business for the present year was going very much as usual. Their order book was full and flowing over. The report was adopted.

CHESS: Hysterical Pregnancy

No. 45

I have often wondered about the genesis of a combination. There must be some intuitive *flair* for recognising a position pregnant with combinative possibilities, but I suggest that the player's intuition is strongly supported by experience well stocked with memories of similar positions. Having recognised the pattern (and having, indeed, striven to bring it about) the player will enlist the precision-machinery of his calculating brain as a corrective for the inspiring but unreliable message of his intuition, divination, or "sixth sense." If he is fortunate the "pregnancy" may be quite real and the combination all ready to be brought to light; again, the labour pains may be premature and the position, though potentially fortunate, may still require what the French call *corriger la fortune;* and yet again, the diagnosis may prove to be all wrong, the intuition Hitleresque, the pregnancy hysterical. In other words: twenty minutes wasted on the clock and no combination to show for it.

Here are three cases of very real pregnancy. Spielmann, indeed, may well have diagnosed triplets, since he could have delivered his combination by B-R7 ch, as well as by BxKtP. He preferred the third and prettiest possibility, QxRP.

Spielmann, 1927

The other two positions can be recognised at a glance

Janowski, 1925

König, 1938

to be of much the same pattern, Q-R6 in each case being the decisive move.

As for hysterical pregnancy, its incidence in a gynaecologist's consulting room is much less frequent than in the chessplayer's mind, fertile with more or less embryonic combinations. Here is a case in point, the familiar pattern of a little combination, often good enough for the win of a P. In this case too after KtxP, followed by QxKt, White wins his P, but, alas, his Q falls a prey to the Black B.

In this week's competition I would call A a pattern rather than a study or problem. It is merely a question to decide which is the wrong and which the right route for the Kt to take on his mission to administer mate in 4. This is so easy that, even without my hint, it shouldn't rate more than 3 points. B, on the other hand, is a four-mover not quite as simple as it looks and fully worth its 6 points. And since our (presumable) minority of problem-lovers has been somewhat neglected of late, C is yet another problem, a three-mover, difficult enough to rate 6 points, even if I add the little hint that in one variation, at any rate, a virtue is made of the necessity to cope with the threat of Black's advancing KKtP. After all, a check on Black's second move would badly spoil White's pretty "mate in 3."

Usual prizes. Entries by July 24.

A: R. Cofman, 1936

B: P. R. v. Homma, Vienna, 1939

C: J. Koers, 1939

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 24

A: (1) P-R5ch, KxP, (2) B-B8ch, B-Kt2, (3) P-Q7, KtxP, (4) BxKt, B-Q4, (5) B-B8ch, B-Kt2, (6) BxP, B-K5, (7) B-B8ch, B-Kt2, (8) BxP, B-B6, (9) B-B8ch, B-Kt2, (10) BxP, B-Kt7, (11) B-B8ch, B-Kt2, (12) BxP, etc.

B: (1) Kt-B8ch, K-R1, (2) QxB ch, R-Kt7, (3) P-R7, K-Kt2, (4) K-Q1, K-R1, (5) K-B1, K-Kt2, (6) K-Kt1, K-R1, (7) K-R1, K-Kt2, (8) Q-KKt1 ch, etc.

B proved difficult enough for some of the best solvers to get it not wholly right. Thus even Altschul stumbled over the last hurdle of the point-to-point race in which he had been among the leaders from the start. His 102 points give him a share of the fourth prize with Harman. The three first prizes are shared by Allan, Bowen and Jaeck, each with the maximum of 105 points. Smith is only a point behind the prize-winners, Mortimer a point behind him and a good many others well in the nineties. In the new race the first three winners will be handicapped 10 points, the other two will start at minus 5. This will be the last points-competition under the old scheme. Thereafter we'll have some sort of a ladder system. Since many competitors who dropped out of the first race had not realised that the new one was on the way, I have postponed the start, so as to give everybody a chance. *The new point-to-point race starts with the competition set to-day.* Prizes will be the same as before, i.e., chessbook tokens for 2, 1½, 1, and ½ guinea respectively.

In the current competition, prizes are shared by R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, and M. Kaye. My quest of a title for the king-hunt produced many amusing suggestions, ranging over history from Canute through Charles I to Ramsay McDonald. Some competitors thought of Crippen, others of the "Graf Spee." A small special prize goes to G. Watson for "Murder in the Black Attic."

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ROYAL Navy. Commissions in the Instructor Branch. Applications are invited from University graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Commissions in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, or Metallurgy), or Engineering. Commissions will be granted for periods of 3, 4 or 5 years, and, after 2 years' service, opportunities will be afforded for officers to be transferred to the Permanent List. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £328 in their first year's service, £347 in second year, £438 in third and fourth years, £474 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £237 in first year, £310 in second and third years, £347 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service in the recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over normally receive marriage allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per anum if they are so accommodated and £146 per annum in either case if under 25. An initial outfit allowance of £103 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous naval service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 4. Service in the Instructor Branch will, if desired, be treated as contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, Superannuation contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. 5. Apply to Director (P), Education Department, Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for fuller details and application forms.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Assistant, Central Establishment Office, Staff Administration. Duties consist of survey of posts in a wide range of professions, assessment of gradings, and consideration of problems of organisation and staffing. Essential qualifications include critical and analytical faculties, wide general interests and experience in interviewing. A University degree, together with either Engineering or legal experience would be an advantage. Salary is in a scale rising by annual increments of £50 to a maximum of £1,100 per annum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days marked "Asst., C.E.O.N.Stm." For acknowledgement enclose stamped addressed envelope.

NEW England University College (University of Sydney), Armidale, N.S.W. Lecturer in History. Applications are invited from those qualified to fill the position of Lecturer in History. The salary at present is at the rate of £A500 to £A750 per annum with annual increments of £50. There is a cost of living adjustment. Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to enter upon his duties by February 1, 1951. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 31, 1950.

THE University of Sheffield and the University College, Hull. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Staff Tutor in North-West Lindsey, which lies within the Extra-Mural area of both University Institutions. Applicants should be graduates, with qualifications in at least one of the following subjects: Economics, Economic History, Public Administration, Sociology or some branch of the Social Sciences. Experience of Adult Education work would be a desirable further qualification. Salary will be within the scale £450—£500 (probationary), £550—£800 (Staff), according to qualifications and experience, together with family allowance and Superannuation provision under the F.S.S.U. Further particulars may be obtained from The Registrar, The University, Sheffield, 10, to whom ten copies of applications should be sent by July 25. A. W. Chapman, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applics. are invited for the appointment of a Senior Assistant Librarian. Salary scale £500 by £50 to £750, with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme; initial salary will depend on quals. and exp. Further partics. may be obtained from the Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a probationary Assistant Lectureship in German (initial salary £450 per annum, rising to £500 after one year). The person appointed must be qualified to teach philology and some aspects of German literature. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received without delay.

NORTHERN Ireland, Londonderry High School. Required on authorised staff for Sept., 1950, or Jan., 1951, qualified mistress to teach History to all forms. Salary according to Ministry's Scale, with a bonus towards travelling exps. for a suitable candidate from Gt. Britain. Apply immediately to Head Mistress.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WANTED, Organising Secretary for Rhodesian Jewish Board of Deputies. Qualifications: Experience in office administration, public speaking. Knowledge of Jewish Communal Organisations—Yiddish and Hebrew Scholarship a recommendation. The position offers good prospects and scope for one desirous of assisting in the organisation of the Jewish communities of Northern and Southern Rhodesia. Apply in writing: Sec., Rhodesian Jewish Board of Deputies, P.O. Box 987, Bulawayo.

THE Workers' Educational Association invites applics. for a senior administrative assistant to take charge of small general office staff. Good standard of education and proficiency in shorthand and typewriting essential qualific. Commencing salary £400 a year. Apply in writing only, stating age, qualifics. and experience, to General Secretary, Temple House, 27 Portman Square, W.1. Applications to be marked "Confidential."

LANCASHIRE County Council. Librarian (Woman) required at Lancaster Moor Mental Hospital. Salary £390 × £15—£435. Librarian will also be required to undertake and/or organise educational activities for the patients. Candidates should possess suitable library, educational or social welfare experience. Appointment subject to medical examination and to Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Application (with two testimonials) to be forwarded to County Librarian, County Offices, Preston, by 29/7/50.

HOME For Maladjusted Children. A Warden and Matron, married couple, are wanted for the Henderson Trust Home at "Ponds," Seer Green, Bucks, which will shortly be opened for the psychological treatment of children of both sexes between the ages of 8 and 12 referred by Juvenile Courts. Previous experience and interest in this type of child necessary. Knowledge of the running of a home and school desirable, and possession of mature and suitable personalities. Board and house with three bedrooms provided. Combined salary £550 per annum. Applications to be submitted within 14 days of the appearance of this notice to the Secretary, Residential Services Department, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

YOUTH Club Leaders, part-time, wanted for evening work in mixed clubs, Chislehurst (Kent) and S.W.16 (London) districts. Fees (based on Burnham Scale) and expenses paid. Full partics. and applic. form may be obtained from the undersigned to whom completed applics. should be sent not later than 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement. James Leonard, Education Secretary, South Suburban Co-operative Society, Ltd., 62 Croydon Rd., Penge, London, S.E.20.

LEADERS, part-time, wanted for Mixed Junior Groups at New Addington (Croydon), and Chislehurst (Kent). Age range 7-11 years (Playways) and 11-14 years (Pathfinders). Groups meet weekly in early evening. Apply by letter, within 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement, to James Leonard, Education Secretary, South Suburban Co-operative Society, Ltd., 62 Croydon Rd., London, S.E.20.

HISTORY and Latin mistress, resident, needed September, for girls' boarding and day school, Surrey. Readiness to experiment, wide interests, international outlook and, if possible, some non-teaching experience desired—all for a small school. Box 7797.

THE New Sherwood School (progressive, co-ed.) requires Sept. (1) Young man for resident post, general subjects in middle school and interest in small group of boarders. (2) Mistress to take charge Kindergarten. Crafts, games, music an advantage in either case. Apply: Principal, 23 St. Martin's Avenue, Epsom.

ASSISTANT Master required Sept. for Junior House (ages 7-11) of Wester Elchies (Preparatory School for Gordonstoun), Craigellachie, Strathspey. Teviot Scale salary. Applics. with copy testimonials to Headmaster.

THE Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society require expd. shorthand-typist capable of undertaking some secretarial duties; must be genuinely interested in subject of work and prepared help generally in office. Salary £7; hours 9.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m.; no Saturdays; 3 weeks plus public holidays. Apply Sec'y., 71 Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

SECRETARY-Shorthand-typist (Age 18-30) required by social science organisation. Full particulars and application form from Secretary, Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, 2 Beaumont Street, W.1.

WEST End Art Gallery wants secretary, under 35. Shorthand, typing. Box 7964.

ARCHITECT reqs. shthand.-typist 1-2 afternoons a week. London, W.C. Box 7943.

THE Warden of University House, Victoria Park Sq., London, E.2, reqs. as from Aug. 1, 1950, a Nursery Governess for his two motherless children (boy aged 9 at boarding school, and a girl aged 6 at a day school). The post might interest a younger woman who would give some secretarial assistance in connection with the work of the Settlement. Further partics. on application in writing.

COMPANION-help-housekeeper, good cook, table drive car advantage, wanted immediately by country doctor's invalid wife. Girl 13, boy 10 boarding school. Daily help all morning 6 days a week. Box 7874.

HOLIDAY staff required for Hotel, July-Sept., all grades. Manager, Treharrock Manor, Port Isaac, N. Cornwall.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GENTLEMAN (35) fluent French, German, Spanish, Italian, would like job in commercial concern or translation bureau. Exper. foreign correspondent, also varied commercial experience. Box 7618.

PROFESSIONAL man desires change employment. Aged 40. Ten years industrial personnel and welfare manager all branches. Wide experience additionally disabled and neurotic persons. First-class administrator. Long executive experience. Specialist apprentice training. Deep understanding human affairs. N.S. minded. Unmarried. Mobile. Box 7293.

YOUNG Woman expd. journalist & all editorial work; political, social, literary & art interests; seeks any interesting post, full- or part-time, offering reasonable remuneration. French & fluent German. Box 7546.

EDUCATED woman, trained secretary, seeks responsible and interesting post, London, September/October. Varied experience, educational, medical, social; Committee and Conference work. Box 7450.

MAN (40), with Continental background (University, arts) would welcome suggestions for post more congenial to him than years of washing up. Good refs. Willing to travel or go abroad. Box 7888.

CAMBRIDGE graduate, 25, seeks post for 12 months. Literary interests, social welfare, etc. Box 7906.

YOUNG woman teacher, recently qualified, seeks London post. Children 8 years upwards. General subjects, special English or History. Box 7596.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

PARIS.—Homely hotel, Latin Quarter. Provençal cuisine, 20s.-23s. a day. No extras. Pension Luttce, 9 Rue Lhomond, Paris V.

HIGHFIELD Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick. Unrivalled views, gd. food, friendly atmosphere. Anne Horner. Tel. 308.

N. CORNWALL. Coast. Cottage Guest Hse., Sands bathing, surfing, buses 5 mins., h. & c. No extras. Vacancies Sept. 9. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel 72.

SOUTH Devon. Progressive Guesthouse overlooking Teign Estuary, 23mls. sea. Lovely Grounds. Home Prod. Children catered for and welcome. No colour bar. Write Andrews & Manning, Murley Grange, Bishopsteignton.

SAVOIE. St. Pierre d'Entremont. Les Légendes Chalet-Hotel. Comf., excel. food. 900 frs. p.d. all found. Mountain excursns.

BOARD residence: sea, 3 minutes. Spacious grounds; home produce. Brown Acres, Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Tel. Aldeburgh 319.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. Superior guest house, surrounded own glorious gardens. French cuisine. Children welcomed. 4/5gns. p.w. Vacancies July, September. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., Hastings 4571.

BOGNOR (Pier View, Steyne), full board residence, hot and cold water, every comfort & convenience. Children welcome, half price. Terms moderate. Central.

DARTMOUTH. Owing to cancellations, you can still spend a restful holiday in perfect surroundings in an old-world country house overlooking Start Bay. Excellent food, every comfort. 6gns. weekly. Mrs. Edwards, White Ladies, Stoke Fleming. Phone 246.

HIGHLAND shore of Firth of Clyde, centre for tours, walks and bathing, 90 minutes Glasgow; a handsome hotel, 3 acres grounds, first-rate Scots food, h. & c. in rooms, interior springs, cent. htg., car available. From 18s. 6d. per day. Halfway House, Bullwood, Innellan, Argyll. Innellan 338.

STEANBRIDGE welcomes people of all nationalities. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley offers restful holidays. Unspoilt country: home-grown fruit and vegetables: bkfast. in bed (optional), Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor. Loveliest country house among Cornwall's finest beaches. Golf St. Enodoc (Rock). Surf-bathing Polzeath. Beautiful in the autumn. Open all year. Port Isaac 234.

ASHDOWN Forest. Old Plaw Hatch, nr. East Grinstead, a good centre for lovely unspoilt Sussex and the coast. A comfortable hotel where you do what you like. Excellent for children with large appetites, or their parents. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

SUSSEX. Winchelsea, Yew Tree House. Briefly, hospitality mellow & unobtrusive, 20th Century comfort, history (and buses!) on the door step, the beauty of the Sussex countryside—all this and more awaits you. Brochure & terms on request. Tel. 223.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-7gns. (winter terms 3½-5gns.) 'Phone Hastings 5110.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds, Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon. Comfortable, good food. Excellent centre.

EDINBURGH. Bed, breakfast, attractive rooms. H. & C. 16 Rothesay Pl. CEN. 4871.

CRAIGDARROCH Arms, Moniaive, Dumfriesshire, for a peaceful holiday in a charming village where three glens meet. H. & C. in bedrooms. Constant hot water. Good country food. Beautiful countryside. Fully licensed. Apply Mrs. Blake.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking. Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Home produce. Write for booklet.

CORNWALL. Small Farm Guest House has vacancies for summer months. Modern conven., good table. Apply Lawrie, Homeleigh Farm, Menadue, Polperro Road, Looe.

WEST Sussex. Woodfold Hotel, Fernhurst, offers a holiday with excellent home-produced food, first-class comfort and secluded gardens in beautiful country unsurpassed for walking or riding. Easy access South Coast and London. Postal address and station: Haslemere, Surrey. Fernhurst 276.

WOOD Court, Seven Hills Road, Cobham, Surrey. For thorough rest and relaxation. Informal and friendly Guest House in 22 acres garden and woodland midst pretty country only 17 miles from London's West End. Good food, own produce; modern conves., maximum cleanliness and comfort. Near golf, riding, Thames fishing and boating, etc. Valuable library, philosophy and psychology, etc. Terms from 5gns., full board. Lock-up garages. Tel. Cobham 3224, or write for brochure.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food: soft beds; a warm hotel; radiators and hot water in every bedroom. Apply Proprietor.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court Hotel. 33 rooms, 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. 6gns. inclusive, 7-8gns. from June 3rd. Tel.: 1944.

IN the Heart of Lovely Lammermuirs, Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Duns, yet only 32 mls. from Edinburgh. Home produce. Excell. ckg. H. & C. in bedrms. 3,000-vol. library. 2 trout streams. Children catered for. "Out of the World and into Longformacus."

HOTEL Lerchenhof, Mieders, Stubai, Tirol, Austria. 40 minutes by bus from Innsbruck: big garden, excel. cuisine, swimming pool in the village, beautiful Alpine scenery. Pension terms incl. service, Austr. Sch. 44-, September, Austr. Sch. 38.- per day.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. p.wk. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

PALM Bay Hotel—finest position in Cliftonville. An hotel of distinction & charm, offering every modern comfort & personal service; French chef; fully licensed. Write for brochure to the new owners' Manageress, Miss E. M. Johnson, or telephone Margate 385.

HAMBLE (Southampton Water, facing I.O.W.) Guest Hse.—large yacht annexe—3 acres grnds. Own prod. Swimming, etc. Riverside Hotel, Hamble. (Hamble 2150.)

UPPER Thames. White Cross Country House Hotel, Wallingford, in 6 acres lovely grounds. H. & C., divan beds. Private bathing & fishing. Sailing, boating, tennis. Tel. 3155.

SUSSEX. Relax in lovely country within reach sea. Comfy beds. Own produce. 3 acres. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Eastbourne line). 'Phone: Horeham Rd. 32.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grnds. Modn. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

SUMMER holidays. Modernised cottage Devon village. Good cooking, hot baths. Lovely walking or driving country. Vacancies August & Sept. Terms moderate. Fern Cottage, Broadhempston, nr. Totnes, S. Devon.

HYTHE, Kent. Seafront guest house offers bed, breakfast and "staggered" dinner, 4 & 4½ gns., all amenities, h. & c. all rooms. Tel. Hythe 67249. 60 Marine Parade.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Golf. Fishing. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

BURCOT on Thames, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. A country house on river near Oxford. Club licence; boating, fishing, tennis, archery, billiards. Station, Culham (W.R.). Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

HANOVER Hotel, The Steyne, Bognor Regis. Board residence. Every comfort & convenience. Children welcomed, half price. Terms moderate. Tel. 933.

DITTISHAM - on - the - Dart, S. Devon, Coombe Farm Hotel. Quiet restful holiday in Queen Anne Manor House, with 20th Century comforts and conveniences. Unique centre for country, river and coastal scenery. Farm produce. Vacancies July & September.

WAYFARERS Restaurant of Granville Place, Orchard Street, W.1, MAY. 5125, have opened a Branch Establishment at 33 Oxford Street, W.1, GER. 4713 (opposite Francati) for the service of their teas, coffees, snacks, light meals and Continental Delicatessen. Open till midnight for after-theatre suppers, etc. Fully licensed. Tariff and quality as at Granville Place.

GREEK Rest., White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

MARRIAGE

TEMPANY: Heath. On June 17, 1950, at Dar es Salaam, H.M. "Tim" Tempany, only son of Sir Harold Tempany, C.M.G., C.B.E., to Valerie, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas F. Heath.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7.0, Sat. & Sun. 4.0 and 8.0. "Heartbreak House." Members.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand. (TRA. 6261.) Evgs. exc. Mon. 7.30, Sun. 7. Maire O'Neill, Russell Thorndike, Olga Edwardes, in Synge's "The Tinker's Wedding." "Riders to the Sea." "Shadow of the Glen," with Jack Rodney, Wilfrid Brambell. Directed by Martin Starkie. From Thurs., July 20-30. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. Members and guests.

UNITY. "The Circling Dove." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, July 16th, 7.30. "Un Carnet De Bal" (A).

LONDON Baroque Ensemble, direction Karl Haas, Pamela Woolmore, Dennis Brain, Richard Adeney, Cecil James. 1st performances of new compositions by John Lambert, Edward Williams, Norman Kay, and Lennox Berkeley. Recitals, Alexis Kligerman. Musical Garden Party, 3.30-9 p.m., July 22. Admission 1s. Pearson Foundation College, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Frobisher 0360.

ASIAN Institute, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Demonstration of Yoga Exercises, Sun., July 23, 6 p.m. Members and guests. Associate membership 5s. Whi. 3678.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St. Tuesday, July 18, at 8.30 p.m. Informal Studio Evening to meet the Artists exhibiting at the Contemporary Exhibition. Non-mems. welc.

DANCE. By the International Friendship League at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, on Sat., July 15, 7.15-11.

DANCE given by The 77 Club, Sat., July 15 at 7.30. Victory House, Leicester Sq. Dreamers' Sextet. Adm. 4s. Licensed bar.

EXHIBITIONS

MODERN Italian Art. An Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture, The Tate Gallery, till July 30. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

WILLIAM and Mary and their Time. An exhibition organised by the Arts Council, Victoria and Albert Museum. Open till Aug. 20. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

THE Contemporary Italian Art Book Exhibition at the Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1) has been prolonged until Saturday, July 29. Entrance free (weekdays only) from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Saturdays inclusive (on Tuesdays and Fridays until 7 p.m.).

CAMILLE Pissarro: Paintings, Pastels and Water-colours at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., London, W.1. 19th Century French Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

YORKSHIRE Artists. Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Oeuvres Choisies: Vuillard, Utrillo, Soutine, Braque, etc. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

FIVE Young Contemporaries, and Sculpture and Gouaches by Peter Sager. Also Lithographs by Suzanne Humbert. At Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1.

HAND-Thrown Pottery by Students of Loughborough College: at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion Centenary Festival State Apartments with Regency furniture, costumes. Open 10-7 daily & Suns.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. "Painters' Progress," open daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries, Boudin, Degas, Renoir, Odilon Redon, T. Lautrec, etc. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Constant Permeke: First English exhibition of the important Belgian painter.

THE Little Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Paintings by Robin Rae. July 19-August 19.

ROYAL College of Art, Summer Exhibition of work of staff and students, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. July 14 to July 29. Admission 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhib. English & French Paintings, Drawings & Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

PHOENIX Gallery stock the best Continental prints. A catalogue will be sent on application giving details of the large range of Old Master and French Impressionist reproductions. The Gallery, where framed and unframed pictures are always on display, is open from 9.30 to 6 (excluding Saturdays). 38 William IV St., Charing Cross, W.C.2.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Exhibition of African and Asiatic Art.

SYMBOLIC Realism in American Painting. Exhibition at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. July 19-August 18. 10-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum: Brains Trust on "The Cold War." C. I. Orr-Ewing, M.P., Conservative: D. W. Wade, M.P., Liberal: John Platts-Mills, K.C.; Dr. E. H. S. Burhop, B.A., M.Sc., Ph.D. Thursday, July 20, at 7.30 p.m. Heal's Restaurant, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., 33 New Cavendish St., W.1. Welbeck 0136.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Thurs. July 20, 7.30 p.m. Rev. Stanley Evans, on "Freedom in Czechoslovakia." Chairman: Mr. Kenneth Campbell. All welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Monday, July 17, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Discussion Meeting: "Korea, the Cold War, and the Labour Party." Adm. 1s. 6d.

WILL you be represented at the All Britain Peace Conference July 22/23, Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Road, London? Many thousands of invitations have been issued to social, political and industrial organisations. Has yours received its invite yet? If not, contact Conference Sec. (N.S.), British Peace Committee, 12, Park Crescent, London, W.1. Great Peace Rally: Trafalgar Sq. 3 p.m. Sun. July 23.

AN Indian Journalist looks at the U.S.S.R. Iqbal Singh on his 1950 visit. Tuesday, July 18, 7 p.m. S.C.R., 14, Kensington Square, W.8. 1s. 6d. (Member 1s.).

SHAW Soc.: Ramble in Herts, July 30. Autumn talks by Gorelik, Hoyle, Levy, Darlington. Dets.: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday meetings at 11 o'clock. July 16: Professor G. W. Keeton, M.A., LL.D., "The Struggle in Malaya." Adm. free.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand. (TRA. 6261.) "Theatre At Home and Abroad," Rosamond Gilder. Chair: E. Martin Browne. July 18, 7.30. Mems. & guests.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 22, at 6 p.m. Dr. Bier: "Einige Probleme der Modernen Psychologie."

PERSONALIST Group. Karl Rennert on "Descartes and Husserl: the phenomenological quest for certainty." Monday, July 17, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public lecture Weds., July 19, 6.30. "Zen Buddhism in Korea." Mrs. Whong On Soon. Chairman: Mr. C. Humphreys.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Humanist Tradition." At the Ethical Church, 42a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, July 16, at 11 a.m.

"CATHOLIC Church Fighting Reaction." Each Wednesday evening in July, at 6.30 p.m., Fr. Paul Crane, S.J., B.Sc. (Econ.) London, Lecturer at Catholic Workers' College, Oxford, will give a Catholic statement of policy at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm St., W.1. All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"IRRATIONAL in Modern Thought, The." Fifth Annual Conference of the Rationalist Press Association, Magdalen College, Oxford, Friday, August 4, to Tuesday, August 8, 1950. Speakers: H. Hamilton Fyfe, Presidential Address; Prof. A. J. Ayer, "Existentialism"; Dr. Hermann Bondi, "New Thoughts on the Nature of the Universe"; Archibald Robertson, "Karl Barth"; S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Irrational in Literature"; Warren Sandell, "Modern Developments in Roman Catholicism"; J. Hutton Hynd (U.S.A.), "American Humanism To-day"; Prof. Anatol Heintz (Oslo), "Intellectual Conditions in Post-War Norway"; Stuart Hampshire, "Some Recent Forms of Irrationalism." Full accommodation Magdalen College and lectures, £6 6s.; lectures only, £2 2s. Prospectus and tickets from the P.R.O., R.P.A., Ltd., 4-6, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. CENtral 8812.

THE Christian in the Welfare State. Speakers: Dr. E. L. Allen, Durham, A. E. Carthy, T.U.C., Dr. Guy Dain, F.R.C.S., Mrs. Ralph Morton, Community House, Glasgow, T. R. Weaver, Ministry of Education, Chaplain, Rev. Philip Lea. Conference at Culham College, Abingdon, Berks., August 11-18. Fee five guineas (Registration 5s.). Apply to Gen. Sec., Christian Auxiliary Movement, Annandale, North End Rd., London, N.W.11.

PENDLEY Centre of Education. Week-end Courses, July 21-24 (2gns.): The English Countryside: Animals — population, habits, coloration; moths and butterflies. Aug. 4-8 (2gns.): The Open Air Theatre: Practice, theory and experience; scenes performed in grounds. Aug. 8-14 (4gns.): Photography: A six-day course for amateur photographers; talks, discussions, facilities for practical work. Particulars from Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302.)

PART-Time Courses in Club Work with Under 14s. Two one-year part-time Courses, one day and one evening, will begin in London in September, including Child Psychology, specialised activities and theory and practice of Club work. Full particulars from Miss Tuffley, Org. Sec., National Under 14's Council, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. (Dept. B.)

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1, and Park Lane, W.1, provides training for High Grade Secretarial posts and has few vacancies left for 1950/1.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

DAVIES'S successful Individual Tuition for Civil Service, degree, professional and school examinations, also Secretarial Training courses for graduates and older students at 2 Addison Road, W.14. Park 4485. Special junior departments (Common Entrance, etc.) for boys under 15 at 24 Lyndhurst Gardens, N.W.3. Hampstead 4936 and 50 Palace Gardens Terrace, W.8. Bayswater 2895. Also English Courses for foreign students at 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. Western 6564.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College for Educated Men and Women. Director, R. W. Holland, D.B.E., M.A., M.Sc., LL.D. Comprehensive training for high-grade Secretarial appointments. Intensive Business Course for those seeking administrative appointments in business. Prospectus or interview on application to Secretary, 61-62 Bayswater Road, W.2. Tel. PADdington 3320.

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